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by MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

AUGUST
1918

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The QUIVER



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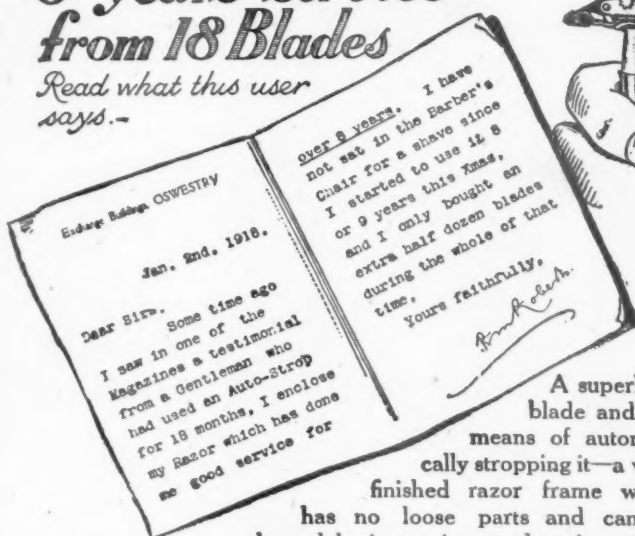
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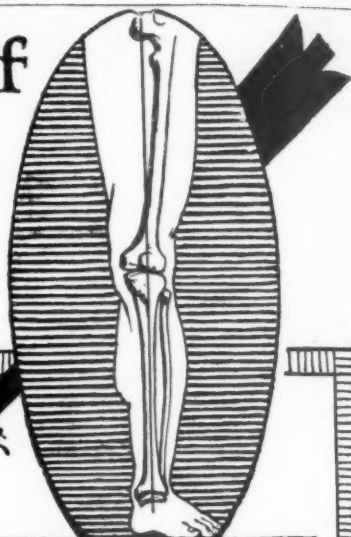
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THE IDEAL NURSERY DIAPERS
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64 pages of valuable information and advice for those who wish to make money by writing stories, articles, verses, etc., for the magazines and daily and weekly papers.

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Study during the light summer evenings ensures rapid progress. Send two stamps to-day for a specimen lesson in Dutton Shorthand, comparison with other methods, particulars of the Special Postal Course of Tuition, and of the Day and Evening Classes conducted at the London Branch (92 and 93 Great Russell Street, W.C., 4 doors west of the British Museum), t.

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should be in every household. The simplest and most effectual remedy ever discovered for Colds, Nasal Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Influenza. Cures the Worst Cold in a few Hours. 1/3, or by post 1/6, from all Chemists, or J. M. HANDELMAN, Chemist, Edinburgh.
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is the ideal pick-
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As Pleasant as it is Effective.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

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For years I was the victim of horrid hair growths on my face and arms. I was a sight. Every time I met another woman with this "mannish" mark and saw how it spoiled her looks I became the more distracted, for I had tried all the pastes, powders, liquids, and other "hair-removers" I had ever heard of, but always with the same unsatisfactory result.



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The Natural Ease Corset Style 2,

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Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

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THIS Certificate cut out and posted to Tatcho Laboratories, 5 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2, entitles you to a large

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The price concession is made so that you may prove economically how real and permanent a friend Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho is to all thin, falling out, dull or brittle hair. Tatcho makes hair glossy, luxuriant and beautiful—it is the one successful hair-grower.

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(The Twentieth Century Disease)

NATURE'S OWN CURE

MEDICINES and drugs, diet treatments, exercise and "rest cures" have alike proved incapable of, or only partially and temporarily successful in, overcoming this condition. Small wonder, then, that the neurasthenic despairs of a cure—regards himself or herself as incurable.

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Make up your mind
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If your nerves are weak or disordered, if your limbs tremble, if you have numbness or nerve pains, if you are inclined to brood over your affairs, if you are nervous, timorous, and undecided, if you worry over trifles and fear for the future, if your memory and will are weak, if you lack self-confidence, if you feel crushed and choked in a railway carriage or closed rooms, if you feel dizzy in open thoroughfares or nervous among a crowd—these are all symptoms of Neurasthenia, and should not be neglected. A Free Book, entitled "A Guide to Health and Strength," describes how the wonderfully successful Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment cures quickly and permanently Neurasthenia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Disorders, and the many functional troubles due to lack of Nerve Force.

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THE QUIVER, August, 1916.



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HELPS THEM TO 'CARRY-ON'

IT SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

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England he saves;
Help'd by Fluxite,
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the paste flux that

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SHAPELY feet deserve good shoes, and they get them in Diploma. For Diploma are made in a factory of over 70 years' experience in the manufacture of ladies' footwear, and the makers are jealous of a reputation built up on a Quality and Style which is unequalled throughout the British Isles.

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Made by the Makers of *Norvic de Luxe*.

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NO MEN
WANTED

FREEMANS
Egg
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For all cakes & Pastries

Warrington

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have?

YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.
A WRETCHED HEADACHE
OR
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The Editor's Announcement Page

WHAT THE LAND MEANS

By Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD

THE submarine menace made us realise how absolutely vital was the Land Question. "Back to the Land" has taken on a new meaning. But what will happen after the War? Shall we slide back into the old ways of dealing with agriculture?

Sir H. Rider Haggard is an authority worth listening to on this subject, and he has written a very important pronouncement on the Land Question, which will be among the features of the September QUIVER.

The Kaiser's Dumping Ground

Other items are "The Kaiser's Dumping Ground," by Esther Lovejoy; "Why do Men Interfere?" by Grace M. Gould; "From 'Over There'": A Letter to his Father from a Son "Somewhere in France," etc., and a sheaf of topical stories.

The Editor

[For Contents of this Number see over.

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NUTRITION NOTES.

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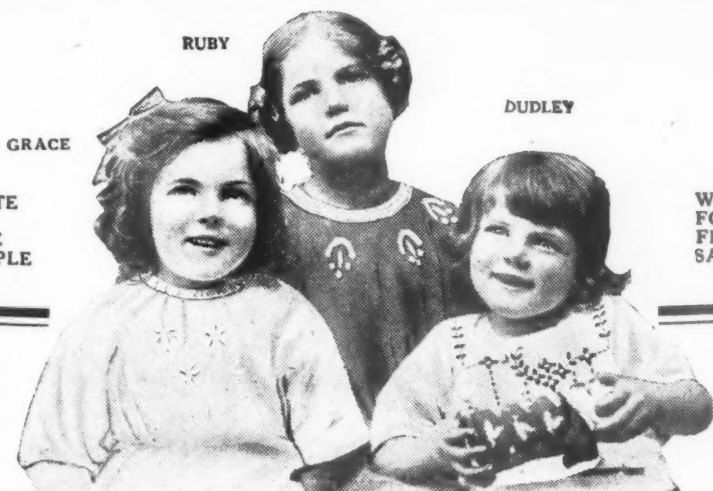
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It Began with A Wedding by *Mrs Baillie Reynolds*

A STORY IN THREE PARTS

CHAPTER I The Wedding

THE church was crowded, for the Bowdens had a large circle of acquaintance; and even though weddings are rather a drug in the market, everybody felt they must come and see Chrissie married.

There was to be no reception; for it was not more than six months since the bride's brother was killed in action. Various members of the congregation had been informally bidden to repair to the house after the ceremony, to wish the young couple God-speed.

The seats assigned to the bridegroom's friends were but sparsely occupied. In one of them sat a woman whose attire and general air of eccentricity made her noticeable. She leaned over the front of her pew towards a man of the same species—a man with a lean face, saturnine mouth, and half-closed eyes which saw everything.

"Hallo, Blitz," murmured she, "the sight of you here is as incongruous as it is refreshing. For pity's sake tell me what Rolf is doing in the camp of the Philistines."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Imperilling his immortal soul, I should say, by taking vows which there is not the smallest chance of his keeping," said he, speaking more seriously than was his wont, as could be seen from the glance of aroused attention flung at him by Miss Jane Lockett.



"Then it was true," she murmured, "what they were saying about him in Paris."

"I haven't a notion what they were saying about him in Paris."

"That he had been badly turned down by Eleanor Carmichael."

"As a matter of fact I happen to know that that is true."

"Were they engaged?"

"They became engaged at my studio, when Rolf was last home on leave. She broke it off, about two months ago."

"Do you know why?"

Evidently Blitz did. He hesitated a moment. "They quarrelled," he said presently.

"On account of this girl—the bride?"

"Good gracious, no! Well, if you will have it, because Eleanor was flirting furiously with Max Ritter."

"Max Ritter! I thought he was interested?"

"So he was. But not for long. Got a member of Parliament to go surety for him. Well—you know Rolf Holderness. It must be all or nothing with him. He sent her an ultimatum, and got the order of the boot by return of post."

"And this is the result? Oh, Blitz,

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it's bad, it's bad! What's a girl about, to take such a deadly risk?"

The man shrugged his shoulders in a hopeless kind of way.

"He got back on his leave yesterday, and went to see Eleanor on his way from Waterloo. If he hadn't found Max there I believe this wedding would never have come off."

"Do you suppose the other girl knows?"

"I shouldn't think she's ever heard of Eleanor. Have you seen her? I caught a glimpse of her once when he was last on leave, before any of this happened. She's so young that if she were one minute younger, she wouldn't be born at all."

"Oh, Blitz!" sighed Jane once more.

Two elderly ladies seated near turned round and glared upon the two who talked in church. Almost at the same minute Rolf Holderness, followed by a friend in khaki, came out of the vestry and took up his position at the chancel gate. He was absolutely white—so white as to be livid; and Jane could hardly repress a groan. The choir boys tuned up "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden," and little Chrissie came up the church on her father's arm. Her wistful eyes looked unnaturally big, set off by her dark curls and the white folds of tulle which floated over her shoulders, finished in front by a tiny garland of white buds. The two artists who looked on were simultaneously reminded of a lamb that has lost its mother. She wore the conventional marriage garb, but there was something in her face which was far from conventional. Her brown hair was warm with rich bronze lights; her eyes so dark a grey that at night they might have been black. The tint of her skin was lovely, a golden white; and her nervous excitement had brought a flush of delicate carmine to each cheek.

The service was soon over, and the irrevocable accomplished. The time occupied in signing the register was very brief. Soon the pair were coming down the gangway of the nave, and acknowledging the greetings of their friends.

The stony misery of Rolf's expression was not, to most of those present, a thing to wonder at. The majority of British bridegrooms hide a very real satisfaction under a like mask. People merely took him to be nervous. But as he approached

the place where the tall gaunt man whom Jane Lockett called Blitz stood with folded arms, a light dawned upon the blankness of the well-cut features.

"Blitz, old man, this is good! Miss Lockett, too!" He bent towards the girl on his arm:

"Chrissie, this is my friend Blundell—a great man—we studied together under Levargue; and Miss Lockett, who always gave us breakfast when we had no money left."

The usual greetings appropriate under the circumstance were interchanged; and the little bride shyly suggested that Mr. Blundell and Miss Lockett should come to Cadogan Crescent and help cut the cake.

With the idea of making things easier for Rolf, they both accepted, in spite of their reluctance to enter the camp of the Philistines; and Holderness, pleased and a little surprised at their acceptance, passed on.

As they reached the last row of seats, in the shadow of an old gallery, two people who had been seated there rose and came up to them.

Chrissie felt her husband start as he came to a standstill; and there faced them a tall woman with large vague blue eyes, and a mouth fuller than is usual in the English type of beauty. Her throat was long, white and columnar, like a Rossetti picture, and her golden hair drifted under her oddly shaped hat and into her eyes. To the Bowdens' acquaintance, who filled the church, she was like a caricature, but she had a subtle beauty which, in the eyes of many men, was only enhanced by the extravagance of her style.

"A thousand felicitations, Rolf darling," said she softly; and the man at her elbow smiled detestably, as Chrissie thought, and echoed—

"A thousand felicitations."

"Hallo, Ritter! Have they let you out?" said Rolf, his usually kind voice so charged with venom that Chris started.

"Let me out? You speak as if I had been doing time," was the light response; to which Holderness swiftly retorted:

"Well, haven't you?"

"Rolf, forget old grudges on the happiest day of your life," said Eleanor Carmichael earnestly, showing flawless teeth inside the brilliant rose-colour of her moist lips.

IT BEGAN WITH A WEDDING

"Max, as you must know, was only interned by mistake."

"A very natural mistake," flashed back Rolf smoothly. "Let me introduce my wife—*Herr Ritter*—"

A menacing darkness passed over Eleanor's blue eyes, but she was evidently not going to lose her temper. "Your husband was always droll," said she to the mystified Chrissie. "Since when has Max become *Herr Ritter*, Rolf?"

"Since August, 1914," snapped Rolf. "Come, Chrissie."

Eleanor pushed him back, grasping the bride's hand.

"I haven't so much as spoken to her," she cried protestingly, "and I want her to promise to come and see me when your leave is over and she is left all alone."

"Oh, she won't be alone, she has plenty of friends," was the barely civil reply, and Rolf moved onward with determination as he spoke. The congregation had now left their places, and were surging behind them into the gangway, so no further words were possible.

A moment later the newly-wed couple found themselves in a brougham with a pair of horses being driven back to Cadogan Crescent.

CHAPTER II

A Chilly Wooing

CHRISSIE was the youngest of the three Miss Bowdens, and the quiet one.

She was but eighteen when war broke out, so she had, as it were, missed her girlhood. No balls, no trips abroad, no Oxford Commemoration such as her sisters had had. One of her brothers had fallen in the struggle—her own special beloved brother Sid.

It was Sid who had brought Captain Holderness to the house in Cadogan Crescent.

Rolf Holderness belonged to the vast class of patriotic young Englishmen who volunteered the moment war was declared, in spite of being totally unsuited to a military life. He was a painter of real ability, and was beginning to make a name for himself. He disliked the army routine, and was out of sympathy with the cheery young Philistines who were his fellow officers. Sid Bowden was the only one with whom he made friends; for Sid, besides being a

Philistine, was a wit; and his unflagging hilarity had carried Holderness through some bad bouts of depression.

The two young men, by an unusual accident, got leave simultaneously; and, as Holderness's people were in Spain, he received a cordial invitation to come to Sid's home.

When he came he was a good deal disconcerted by the frank, Victorian obviousness of the whole household. Mrs. Bowden and her daughters made surgical dressings, washed the dishes in canteens, and acted as V.A.D. nurses. Chrissie, at the time of Sid's leave, was, to her own joy, taking a vacation by doctor's orders, as the result of over-work. Upon her therefore devolved the duty of "amusing the boys," and she found Holderness, though handsome enough to fascinate her, very hard to interest.

An officer who loathed revues, and could not see the fun of having tea at a Piccadilly hotel, was of a genus to which she was so far quite a stranger.

He went out by himself a good deal, having friends in town. Somehow Chrissie gathered that he did not introduce his friends to her people because he knew the two sets could not fuse. Holderness was quite polite always, but Chrissie was constrained to believe that it was an effort to him to seem interested in the family, and that his thoughts were often far away.

He made enough impression upon her inexperienced heart for her to be very anxious to get on better with him. She tried to take an interest in pictures; but she was much cast down at finding that Holderness loathed those which she admired, and vice versa. There was a large photograph of "The Soul's Awakening" upon the dining-room wall in Cadogan Crescent, flanked by one of Maud Gooding's pictures, in which various infants in long petticoats were posturing aimlessly about like an advertisement for a children's outfitting establishment. In a moment of expansion, Holderness did confide to the large-eyed, eager little simpleton of a Chrissie, that he had manoeuvred to sit with his back to these works of art, because the sight of them took away his appetite.

Often, after his departure, she wondered why.

They had, in her opinion, made no progress at all in intimacy when he returned

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to the front. In fact, during the last few days of his stay he had seemed altogether distraught, and as if he hardly knew whether she was in the room or out of it. But when he was leaving he thanked her for being so good to him, and said he would appreciate a letter now and then.

Chrissie was willing enough to comply. In consequence of repeated bad colds, she left off V.A.D.-ing that spring, and took to making socks and slippers and sand-bags, which could be done indoors. This left her a little leisure, and she employed it in studying such works of art as the fear of air-raids has left visible in London. To her satisfaction, she found her own standards of criticism beginning to change. Bitter phrases, let drop by Holderness, clung in her memory and served for guides. She read "Modern Painters"—how horrified Rolf was when she told him so in a letter! But in spite of his scolding, the burning words of Ruskin did open a door in her intelligence. They taught her actually to see the things she looked at; and she began to develop.

It was soon after that that Sid was killed. Holderness was with him to the last, and wrote letters to the Bowdens which showed him at his very best—manly, sympathetic letters which were more comfort to the starving heart of Sid's little sister than even her brother's being mentioned in dispatches.

Another six months rolled by; and then, out of a clear sky, as it were, fell the bomb-shell of a surprise. Holderness wrote, saying that in a few weeks' time he should have a fortnight's leave. Would Chrissie marry him, as early in the fortnight as it could be arranged?

"You were always a good little pal," he wrote, "and I feel that I badly need a pal just now. I think Sid would be very pleased—don't you?"

Chrissie was utterly astonished; but it appeared that her family were not.

"Always thought he was sweet on you," remarked her sister Connie; "a man like that loves someone who listens to him with her soul in her eyes, as if he were a chapter out of the Bible."

Thus reassured, Chrissie wrote and said "Yes." "I was surprised," ran her innocent reply. "I always thought you looked upon me as a little duffer. I used to feel so silly, somehow, when you were

here. But I am really not quite so empty minded as I was. I have read every book on the list you gave me, and some of them I have liked very much, though in each of them I have only understood about a quarter."

After that, things rushed onward as a stream approaches the cataract. Letters between them were chiefly occupied with discussions as to the date of the wedding, where they should spend their brief honeymoon, and what should become of Chrissie when Rolf went back to France.

The actual return of the bridegroom, though it found most things prepared by the capable Bowden family, found the bride quite unready.

She had altered considerably since Holderness last saw her. The death of Sid—her joyous, rollicking Sid—had left a deep wound in her affectionate heart. Joined to this was her mental development, under the guiding influence of a love so shy that it might be better described as an intellectual admiration.

When the day of Rolf's return was as certain as the vagaries of the War Office permit, she worked herself into a fever of suspense. She and her sister Constance went to meet the leave train, waited two hours at the terminus, and missed their man in the crowd. They hurried back, thinking they might find him there, but he had not arrived at Cadogan Crescent; and they were actually discussing the propriety of sending out notices that the wedding was postponed, when he made his appearance, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. He seemed vexed that they should have attempted to meet him, and said he had been obliged to go and see his lawyer about his will, the marriage settlement, and so on.

Chrissie was herself in such an agony of nerves, and so wrought up, that she had no leisure to judge his mood. He talked more, she thought, faster, and in a harder voice than she remembered; but he owned to being dead beat, and said he should not feel like himself until he had had a good night's rest.

Mrs. Bowden did not think it *comme il faut* that he should stay in the house itself, and had taken him a room in an hotel near. It seemed to Chrissie that he had hardly greeted them all and discussed arrangements



"Chrissie felt her husband start as he came to a standstill; and there faced them a tall woman"—p. 802.

Drawn by
Stanley Durr.

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a little, than he excused himself and went off to "sleep it out"; making an appointment to turn up at eleven the following day—the only one intervening before the wedding—to take Chrissie to buy a ring and make some other purchases.

This appointment he duly kept, and was shown into the dining-room, where he found Chrissie alone, busy unpacking some gifts which had just arrived.

The display of these to him, and the effort to make him understand whence they came, tided her over the first shock of awkwardness; but after a few minutes she was left hanging, as it were, in the wind—longing for some word from him that might unlock the gates of her maiden aloofness, and give her an excuse to tell him how dearly she loved him.

Rolf himself broke the pause. He had been sitting for some minutes in absorbed contemplation of "The Soul's Awakening." Suddenly he turned and spoke, but without looking at Chrissie.

"Well, little woman, we haven't got time to make friends, have we? Still less to make love? We must wait until we are—until we are together, and then begin at the beginning. I—we—it has struck me, don't you think we had better go and take rooms at the Metropole, and—see if we can get a couple of stalls at the Garrick for to-morrow night? That will save travelling, which is beastly just now, and of which I've had all I want. We won't tell anybody what we mean to do, nor where we are going—eh?"

As Chrissie remained silent, he looked up to mark the effect of his words. She sat simply enough, the other side of the big dining-table, gazing upon him.

"Is that what you would like to do?" she asked.

Rolf suddenly knew that she was a little changed. It was not the pretty flapper he had left, but a graver, older, more reflecting Chrissie; he was not quite sure of liking the change.

"Oh, of course it must be a question of what *you* want to do," said he quickly. "Only give me an idea——"

"Really, I don't think we can improve on yours."

"Honest?"

She nodded. Tears were so near that she could not speak; but of this he had no inkling.

"Then that's settled." He stood up with an air of relief. "Trot along and put a hat on, won't you?"

So they went shopping, and bought a ring—much too full of big diamonds to please Chrissie, but she dared not say so, seeing that Rolf assumed it to be the kind of thing she must admire. Her general impression of the day was that she slipped farther and farther away from him until the distance between them actually seemed formidable.

Since her engagement her innocent head had been so full of dreams of him that he had seemed quite near—human, approachable, and dear. Now that he was there in the flesh the old uncomfortable feeling that he and she had different standards and a different outlook, was growing acute.

She was, however, too utterly inexperienced, too entirely the creation of her up-bringing, to have any doubts as to the central fact of his love for her. He had asked her to be his wife—more than that—his "pal." His ideas of a pal seemed at present a trifle chilly; but she ascribed all to her own ignorance of the thing he sometimes obscurely alluded to as "life." She would have preferred it if his notions had been more primitive—if he had hugged her tight and called her his darling, she would have been reassured at once. That he did not do so was to her just one more indication of his "temperament"—a thing she did not in the least understand.

The man's mind was too preoccupied with its own bitterness to note the pathetic appeal of her eyes. He saw only her resolute outward tranquillity; and assured himself that so shallow a little person as his future wife would not suffer, whatever might be the case with himself.

That evening there was a family gathering, so the lovers had no time to themselves. The well-meant facetiousness, the platitudinous remarks, the general "Bromidism" of the Bowden set was a genuine ordeal to the bridegroom. And Chrissie saw how alien to him was the general tone and manner of her set—her kin—those among whom she had been brought up.

Yet the suicidal nature of the venture she was making did not once present itself to her fully, until she found herself, just half an hour too late, face to face with Eleanor Carmichael.

IT BEGAN WITH A WEDDING

CHAPTER III The Reception

IN the drawing-room at Cadogan Crescent, husband and wife stood under a canopy of flowers from Uncle Joseph's conservatories at Surbiton, and shook hands with so many people that the statement that no invitations had been issued proved to be the merest convention. Mr. and Mrs. Bowden and their sons and daughters had invited everyone with whom they shook hands at the church to "drop in for a minute"—and the response had been almost universal.

Her new light upon the situation enabled Chrissie to see that to her husband the absurdity of the floral canopy was a thing hardly to be borne in his present mood. Her own perception of his feeling turned her almost sick. She saw, with the insight which love, fully awakened, can bestow, that to be made ridiculous is little to a happy man, but sheer exasperation to a miserable one. She grew quite faint with the strength of her own perception of what he was undergoing. Turning her white face to his, she whispered hastily—

"Try to bear it a few minutes more, please—just until Uncle Joseph and Aunt Matilda have come upstairs. I will make an excuse then, and we will move before your friends arrive."

He gave her a quick glance, more friendly than she had seen on his face since his return from France.

"Good kid," he said under his breath. "All right, I'll try and stick it."

Therefore, when Blundell and Miss Lockett walked in together the bridal pair had cut their moorings, and were drifting among the guests.

Blundell was nearing five-and-thirty. He was already a painter of note. He owed his nickname to his lightning bursts of rage and irritability. But there was no trace of either as he stood before the little bride and let his gaze plunge down into her pleading eyes.

He thought it was like peering into a clear pool full of water-plants, wherein thoughts, like gold and silver fish, darted to and fro, hiding among the thick vegetation, visible only by fits and starts . . . depths, surely, to repay the careful explorer?

"I say," he began, "ought not you two to be standing under that canopy that smells so sweet? How the modern married couple does miss its opportunities! Why, man, you'll only be married once—or twice if you are unlucky—and for this one hour you are the centre of attraction! If I were you I'd take the limelight while it's turned on full."

"Since when have you cultivated a taste for limelight, Blitz, old man?" cried Rolf.

Blitz fixed those flash-light eyes upon the curve of Chrissie's chin.

"Some chaps never know their luck," he said softly. "If I might be in your place, and stand up as the hero of this occasion with—with Mrs. Holderness at my side—I can assure you I'd take my chance."

Rolf flashed a glance at Blitz, who did not pay compliments. He heard the ring of conviction in his voice, and looked at his wife's face as it were with new eyes. The picture which had floated between himself and any perception of his bride—the picture of Eleanor's red mouth, pursed for his passionate kisses—faded for the moment as Blitz's words jolted him out of his mad dream of regret.

He saw Chrissie smile up bravely at Blundell, and reply lightly—

"Mr. Blundell knows how to compliment, does he not?"

"Give me a reward then—let me take you to have something to drink, for you look very pale," replied the artist promptly.

Chrissie assented at once, and they went off, the man contrasting with the other men in the room as a portrait of Van Dyck might show up in a collection of modern Royal Academy portraits. In fact, he was like a portrait by Van Dyck, and wore his chestnut beard in the mode of the seventeenth century.

"It is a particular pleasure to me to have some of Rolf's friends here," said Rolf's wife, "for you see I hardly know any of them. His mother and sister live in Spain, you know, and they are not allowed to come over on account of the U-boats."

"Shall you remain in London when Rolf goes back?" asked Blundell as they stood partaking of the light refreshments provided; and when he gathered that she was fairly sure that she would, he eagerly invited her to his studio. "I should like to paint you," said he in his blunt way, though with a tinge



" 'I haven't given you a wedding present. Let me give you a portrait of your wife,' said Blundell "—p. 810.



Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

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of gentleness which few persons called out in him. "Wouldn't it be a surprise for Rolf if I were to do him a portrait of you all unbeknownst?"

Even as he made this incredible offer he could see that she had simply no idea at all of the favour he was extending.

"He would like anything that *you* painted, I suppose," said she dubiously. "He is terribly disdainful of our inartistic house."

At that moment Holderness himself arrived in the dining-room, escorting Aunt Matilda. Blundell gripped his arm and repeated to him the suggestion he had just made. Not only Rolf, but also Jane Lockett, who was standing near, looked positively awe-struck.

"I haven't given you a wedding present. Let me give you a portrait of your wife," said Blundell; and Chrissie, to her amazement, saw her husband positively stammer as he tried to voice his thanks.

Mr. Bowden at the moment fussed past, intent upon finding some refreshment for a dowager who badly needed rationing. Chrissie stopped him and introduced the two artists. Blundell's name was big enough to be known even to the possessor of "The Soul's Awakening," and he responded, not merely with politeness but with a due sense of the condescension of the lion, whose recent refusal to paint the wife of a very great financial magnate was the talk of the season.

Just as they were discussing the point, and Rolf was searching his wife's face with serious eyes to find the key to Blundell's sudden enthusiasm, Connie and Edna Bowden came to find their sister, and led her away for the purpose of changing her dress.

In pursuance of Rolf's idea that nobody should know their destination, he had ordained that they should leave the house at four o'clock, as if to catch a train; so Chrissie went off obediently with her bridesmaids, leaving her husband still in talk with his friends. Then there was a loud knock at the house door, and everybody said—

"Another telegram! They must have had *dozens*!"

This telegram was addressed in full to Captain Holderness, 10th Wessex. Rolf, therefore, opened it forthwith; and his face changed

"What is it?" cried his father-in-law, anxiously gazing at his disturbed countenance.

"My leave—my leave cancelled," replied the bridegroom limply. "What the dickens am I to do now?"

"Leave cancelled?" The fatal words were caught up, they swept round the room in an eddy of dismay.

"His leave's cancelled! Poor beggar! Got to report at Waterloo to-night at seven o'clock."

Rolf stood so still, staring at the floor, that the news might really have been to him the staggering blow that everyone assumed it to be. How could they tell the gladness, the unfeigned relief that flooded him?

... He had taken his revenge upon the woman who jilted him in order to whistle him back at her own time; and, for the present at least, he need not pay the price.

For a few minutes this was his only thought, ousting all consideration for the child upstairs. What recalled him to the recollection of her was a chance encounter with the keen eyes of Blitz, which seemed to probe his very soul. He drew a deep breath, pushed back his hair, and said suddenly and sharply:

"Wait, everybody! My wife is not to be told!"

Everybody paused. "Not to be told?" "Only by me," he replied. "Please let her finish dressing undisturbed, and send her to me in the morning-room—alone."

Blundell stepped forward, took him by the arm and led him apart.

"What can I do?" he asked. "Where are your things?"

Rolf collected himself. "The Metropole. We were going there. We must still go, and I must re-pack all my kit. Will you call there for me, at six-thirty, and take me to Waterloo? She—she mustn't come."

"I will. Poor little girl, poor innocent, unfortunate little girl! Who could have foreseen that fate had a bludgeon like this in store for her?"

"Quite a mistake, Blitz. God's looking after her," muttered Rolf between his teeth. "He's—keeping her safe. Most likely I shan't come back. Of course the cancelling of that leave means that we're going into action at once. If—if I'm

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careful, I may be able to keep her illusions unbroken."

"Try, at least," said the other man. His voice was severe.

Rolf eyed him swiftly. "You think me horribly to blame?"

"I think you've acted devilishly. Were there no other girls—just ordinary girls—who would have served your turn, without setting your heel on a lily of the valley, and grinding it into the dust?"

Chrissie's husband drew himself up and opened his mouth to retaliate; but there was a murmur on the staircase.

"She's coming down."

She came.

With a haunting idea of his likes and dislikes, she had insisted upon an artistic "going-away" dress. Blundell got an impression of soft, faint blue, with grey in it like a misty sky, and a hat with curves which were just right.

The bridegroom, wide-eyed, awaited her at the foot of the stairs. The message of his eyes told her a great deal without words. He laid his hand upon her arm.

"Come this way, Chris."

The guests, some frankly in tears, most of them with a lump in the throat, made their adieux and hurried away, that the unlucky young couple might not have the ordeal of facing them when the fatal news had been disclosed.

The door of the morning-room closed upon the two, and when they were shut in Rolf stood before her, taking both her hands. For a moment he said no word. Then, dropping her hands, he gripped her by her slight shoulders.

"Chrissie, pull yourself together. I have something to tell you—it's bad news."

She turned perfectly white, but held herself firm and upright in his hold. She gave a big gasp, like the bursting of some barrier within, and cried out—

"I know what you have to tell me! It is that you have found out your mistake! Or—or perhaps that you're sorry for it—sorry for me! Since you saw Miss Carmichael again, face to face, you feel you can't face life—with me! Oh, I'm glad you know it! Of course I saw, the moment you came home, that there was something dreadful—something wrong—something that *wasn't there!*"

For a moment this wholly unexpected

analysis of the situation so bereft him of breath that he forgot to open his mouth to deny it. But by the time she had done he felt a mad gratification that he could give her so different a reason.

"Chrissie, you're mistaken—you're utterly mistaken! It's nothing of the kind. It's—it's this. Just come. Better read it."

She took the telegram from his hand; and after reading, said nothing for a moment. Then she smiled pitifully with one corner of her drooping mouth. "This is very fortunate," she said slowly. "I congratulate you."

"Chrissie! What are you saying?"

"I am telling you what you have never told me—the truth."

"Chrissie! Don't you believe me? That I—"

"That you care about me? I know you don't. Ah, why did you lead me into this terrible affair? It was very cruel. I had never done you any harm."

It was not until long after this shattering interview that he reflected upon his own lack of surprise at her unexpected insight. He uttered no protestations. He answered with the candour which he felt that her tragedy gave her the right to demand.

"I turned to you when I thought my heart was broken. I suppose I felt that—with you—I might pull myself together again, and—and face life. When she turned me down I had a month of hell. I was a selfish boulder—a mean hound—I know it all. I've nothing to say, except that I did want you."

"You didn't," returned Chrissie calmly.

"All you wanted was just to show Miss Carmichael that you didn't care. And—and—when you saw her and me together you knew you did care; and you were ashamed of me."

"That's not true! It's not a bit true! But for pity's sake, even if it were true, am I not being punished promptly? I have got to go back there, into the welter of it—the life I hate—and I don't suppose I shall ever see England—or—or you—again. Be a bit sorry for me, if you can."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, after a pause.

"I want you, if you will, to come with me to the Metropole and help me to re-pack. My things are all over the place. Then we'll have a bit of dinner together; and

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then Blundell is coming to fetch me and see me off at Waterloo. . . . Please say you'll come. There's such a lot to decide. The question of money—me signing my will, and so on. I want to leave you somehow provided for. Oh, Chrissie, let me do what I can!"

She gave a long, shuddering sigh.

"I suppose we must go on—just until this evening," she faltered. "Yes. All right. I'll go. I'll do as you wish. Nothing seems to matter much, does it?"

CHAPTER IV

A Curious Wedding Day

EVERYTHING was done. The kit had been somehow collected, bundled together, and re-strapped. A pile of soiled clothing lay upon the floor of the hotel bedroom, to be sent to the laundry and thence back to him in France.

The forced intimacy was like a horrible caricature of what might have been.

Chrissie, who had never in her life seen Captain Holderness without his coat on, now saw him partially strip and change. His underwear lay all about her, mixed up with leather waistcoats, cardigans, big gloves, rough towels, tobacco tins, straps, flasks, gas-masks, and the like.

It was by no means the first time that Chrissie had superintended the packing of a kit, and she was resourceful to a degree which surprised Rolf. She exclaimed in horror at the torn sleeping-bag and the damp, mud-encrusted blanket and rugs. Ringing the bell, she had sent these things to be baked and scraped, while she unlocked her own trunk, found her work-box, and set herself down to repair the sleeping-bag.

Under her energetic supervision the hotel "Boots" had dried and then brushed, until things were as far ship-shape as the lack of time allowed.

A curious way of spending the hours of one's wedding-day! But at least the call for action, the need of industry—the employment of head and hands—saved one from madness. And now all was done. She looked at the clock.

"We must go and have dinner," said she, "or you will be faint with hunger by the time you reach Southampton."

"How should I have got on without

you?" he said wonderingly. "You are a little trump, Chris."

"Oh, I am good enough at mending and packing. Dull women often are, I believe," she replied, as she rose and tidied away the sewing apparatus she had been using. Then she went across to the wash-stand, pulled off her rings, and began to wash her hands. She had passed beyond the realms of coy embarrassment now. She could not even remember to think it odd that she and Rolf should be together in a bedroom, and that she should be washing her hands so composedly.

He exclaimed suddenly, "You've taken off your wedding-ring!"

She looked surprised. "Why not?"

"I thought"—with some confusion—"that girls never took off their wedding-ring."

"Oh?" Beyond the little interrogative sound she made no reply, but replaced upon her finger the plain gold and the big bunch of diamonds. "Come," said she, "we will go into the next room and ring for the soup."

He followed her to the adjoining room, wherein they could dine in private.

"Now, Chris," said he with determination, "there are things to be said before you and I part."

"Are there? No. I think we have said all we need," replied she in a lifeless way.

"Nothing of the kind. You accused me of pretty awful things, you know."

"And you admitted them, so why say any more? After all, I don't see that you have been much worse than I. I ought to have had more sense. I knew well enough that you didn't care—that you never were thinking about me, when you stayed with us. I might have known, if I had had any sense at all, that men don't fall in love in absence, with a girl they didn't concern themselves about when she was present. I took too much for granted. There was perhaps some excuse for me while you were away. But the moment we met again I ought to have known. You showed me so plainly that I was nothing to you."

"Oh, Chris, don't rub it in!"

"I don't want to. There's no need. And—and please don't be so upset. I really don't know that I mind much. I feel quite cool and steady inside; as if

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something had gone cold, right down in the heart of me." . . .

"Anyhow, you're my wife, and you can't go back on that." He spoke with a kind of fierceness to cover his remorse. Pulling a document from his pocket, he flung it on a side-table. "That's my will. Blitz can sign it when he comes, and the waiter too; and I'll hand it over to Blitz to give to my lawyer. So, if anything goes wrong with me, there's money to come to you, little woman—enough to make you independent of your own people. Oh, yes"—as she made some movement of repudiation—"I know you would rather not have it, but you must at least let me do what I can. You don't want to humiliate me and yourself before everybody, do you? Do you, Chris? Do you want to tell your people how I've behaved?"

She stood gravely turning things over in her mind, and was aware that she did not. "Do you mean," she began hesitatingly, "that I have enough money to live upon, without applying to them?"

"You have—at least, I think so," he replied eagerly. "Not enough to run a house and servants, but quite enough to be comfortable in rooms or an hotel." He came over to her and gave her some memoranda, explaining exactly what her resources would be. A few hundreds a year; but it seemed wealth to Chrissie, whose own father allowed her but ten pounds per quarter, as in her maiden days. "I don't know how far I can expect you to regard my wishes," he told her meekly, "but after all, we are married, and I think I have a right to ask that you should for the present accept that position, that you should not make public our—our—"

"Mistake—"

"No, I won't call it that. Our disagreement, if you like—at least until we have had time to think it out, say until I get leave again. If I don't stop a bullet during this push I shall be senior for next leave; they always arrange that when a chap gets his leave cancelled."

The girl stood, twisting her hands together, her little teeth holding her under-lip, her eyes gazing out into the vacant future.

"I don't feel as if I knew—as if I ought to promise anything. I simply feel as if I had been stunned. When I come to life again, how do I know what I am likely to

feel? . . . But, oh, why don't they bring your dinner? You'll have to go before—"

As she spoke, the waiter threw open the door and rushed in with the first course.

Before the sweet appeared, in walked Blitz, and with him he brought Miss Lockett.

"Forgive me, Rolf, if I'm unwelcome," said she, "but I felt this poor little lady ought not to be left alone, so I told her people I would look after her, and I want to coax her to come home with me—"

"Jolly good of you, Jane, old sport," said the bridegroom wearily. "You can make yourself useful in another direction too. I am about to sign my will, and you and Blitz can witness it. Then shove it in your pocket, old man, and take it down to Lincoln's Inn to-morrow for them to put in the safe."

When this was done, the two men disappeared into the bedroom to see that all was clear and the luggage gone. Miss Lockett turned to the bride and put her strong arm about the shrinking shoulders.

"Look here, Babs," said she; "I was always fond of children. Wouldn't you rather not go back home? For myself, I can imagine nothing more ghastly than to lie awake in your little bed the whole night previous to your wedding—and to find yourself back in precisely the same spot next night! If you happen to feel like that, why not come home with me? I've plenty of room, and I am a very old friend of that odd young husband of yours."

Something in the masculine voice and honest eyes of the lady, mingling oddly with her green and yellow beads and hair dragged down into her shrewd crow's-footed eyes, made instant appeal, as it had done in the church that morning, to the forlorn bride.

"Oh—would you?" she gasped, in precisely the note of unexpected reprieve which Jane had hoped for.

The two men returned, and Miss Lockett explained. Blitz undertook to send word of the arrangement to Cadogan Crescent.

"I expect they'll think I'm mad," said Chrissie feebly.

"They'll say so, but they won't really think so. They'll be very relieved in their hearts," replied Jane. "All right then. As soon as you two are off I'll call a taxi and carry off this chick and her boxes too."

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"Talking of boxes," said Rolf vaguely, feeling in his pocket, "here's the box I bought for the play to-night. Why don't you two go? Better than sitting and looking at each other."

Chrissie said nothing. Life had swung her too far this day for her to be capable of independent action.

"You two had better say Good-bye here," said Blundell, in tones carefully heartless and matter-of-fact. He drew Jane with him from the room, remarking to her, as they reached the corridor, "If he has an ounce of fine feeling or compassion in him, now is his time."



Chris and her husband stood looking at one another at last, with nothing between them but the naked fact of parting.

The thought of Eleanor Carmichael had faded back right out of sight in Rolf's mind. He saw only the child's face, wax-white, confronting him in such illimitable woe. It broke him down.

"Oh, Chris! *Chris!*" he muttered, holding out his arms, "for pity's sake try and forgive me! Try and help me! I'm not worth it! I'm a scoundrel who ought to be kicked, but if anybody could make anything of me, it's you! Say you'll try! Say you'll try!"

She made a little inarticulate sound, so moving that he lost himself in a whirlwind of pity. For the first time he snatched her to his heart, and held her as if by strong constraint he could force his love and hers together. And, with the feel of her pliant young body, the damask of her cheek which no lips but his own had ever pressed,

there came to him a sudden outpouring of tenderness, as though some spring in his being had been tapped, whose existence he had never hitherto suspected.

"Chris! Chris!" he sobbed, as his mouth found hers at last; and with that the cold despair melted about her frost-bound heart, and suddenly she was yielding to him, weeping in his arms, realising that this, the first time, was also in all likelihood the last.

Rolf sank down in a chair with her upon his knees, rocking her, imploring pardon, telling her that she was his one chance of salvation, his star of hope.

She clung to him, reckless of all but the sudden wild ecstasy of the moment; listening to his voice, broken to a tone she had never heard from him before, saying, almost whispering, such things as she had never dreamed of, but breaking off drearily in a moment of recollection—

"And now we must part—now—when we have only met this moment!"

Blundell knocked at the door.

"I'm afraid you ought to be getting along, old man."

He was really touched by the white agony of the face which emerged from that door. Rolf wrung Jane's hand without speech, merely making a motion over his shoulder that she should go to his wife. Then he crashed downstairs as though pursued by furies, leaped into the waiting taxi, never looked up to the window where Chris and Jane stood gazing forth, but dropped his head in his hands without shame as they started away among the traffic; nor did he lift it again until they were crossing Westminster Bridge.

(To be continued.)



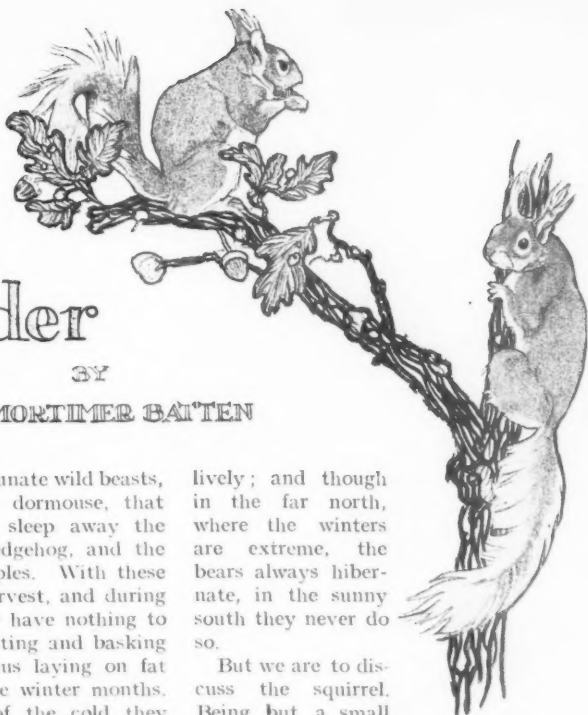
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I am continually getting requests from our boys at the Front for more magazines. Will you send your copy of THE QUIVER, when read, to some lad on service? Or hand it in at a Post-office, and it will be sent for nothing. Numbers of our men have written, saying how much they appreciate THE QUIVER.

The Food Hoarder

BY

H. MORTIMER BATTEN



THERE are many fortunate wild beasts, in addition to the dormouse, that hibernate—that is, sleep away the winter; the bear, the hedgehog, and the squirrel being three examples. With these beasts autumn is their harvest, and during this season of plenty they have nothing to do but just idle about, eating and basking and eating again, and thus laying on fat which tides them over the winter months. With the first coming of the cold they "den up" in some cosy nook, and the long winter sleep falls upon them. It is a deep sleep, almost as near death as it could be, and thus, since they are using up no energy during this period of inaction, for they are just alive and nothing more, they require little or no food, the plenteous covering of fat accumulated during the autumn months of plenty being, as it were, a natural store. Thus the bear which dens up in autumn fat and lubbardly energises in spring thin, hungry, and thirsty and very often so dazed after his long sleep that he will run straight into a party of men on his headlong run for water.

This ability to sleep away the winter, given most animals whose food becomes scarce during that season, is one of the most wonderful provisions of nature. It is not a matter of sleep overcoming them so that they have no choice in the matter, but simply a point of convenience. A bear in captivity knows his food will come to him regularly through the winter months, and so, in all probability, he remains awake and

lively; and though in the far north, where the winters are extreme, the bears always hibernate, in the sunny south they never do so.

But we are to discuss the squirrel. Being but a small animal, he is unable to sleep the whole winter through without food, and though he is supposed to hibernate he does not, on the whole, take the matter very seriously. Let me explain how, for many years, the squirrels in my wood have behaved.

His Autumn Hobby

Late in the autumn, when the golden shafts of light fall through the trees, thick with russet leaves—when that first tang of frost is in the air, and somehow you feel as though you ought to creep through the woods on tiptoe and spy on all the furtive life you can hear scurrying through the leaves—the squirrels get busy. There is no chattering and squabbling and rowing among them; instead each squirrel seems to have his allotted home range, and to proceed about his own affairs taking no notice of anyone. Acorns and nuts are abundant everywhere, and from tree to tree the squirrels go, leaping, stopping, darting, listening, in their restless, jerky manner, but working each tree systematically. It would appear that

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"However wild the blizzard may blow he is at his gambols"—p. 818.

they are collecting acorns or nuts, for every two minutes or so they descend to earth, listen a moment, speedily scratch a hole at the edge of the bank, then dart up into the trees again. Many scores of times have I watched them doing this, and many times, after carefully marking the exact spot,

have I strode up to see what was buried, but never have I succeeded in finding anything.

There is little doubt, however, that when thus employed the squirrel is buying food, but since he never twice returns to the same spot, and he must scratch during the course of the autumn many hundreds of holes—can it be supposed that he remembers the locality of each one of them, and can return, weeks after, to root up his store? No! In the autumn every squirrel buries nuts, and if, say in the early spring, the supply thus buried is required, the squirrels in that locality are just as likely to nose out and scratch up nuts buried by an uncle or cousin as they are to nose out nuts they buried themselves.

A Wonderful Provision

As a matter of fact, I do not regard the habit just described as part of the squirrel's recognised storage. At the end of the autumn, when they behave thus, they have already accumulated their necessary winter store, but, the storage fever still being upon them, they amuse themselves in this manner without having any definite object in view. But the wise hand of Nature is at work here as everywhere. In the first place the buried nuts, scattered all up and down, may prove useful as a reserve supply should winter prove so long and fierce that the main store is used up; and in the second, should not the squirrel himself need them, then they remain safely buried, secure from the keenest frost, to sprout forth next spring, and some day develop into trees.

Thus each autumn the squirrels plant their own orchards as it were, strengthening and extending the forests with the foods they require, so that, should their numbers multiply, there will be range enough for all. Now we are faced with the question: is it because nuts are abundant in certain localities that squirrels have long abounded there, or is it because squirrels have long abounded there that nuts are abundant?

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The Storeroom

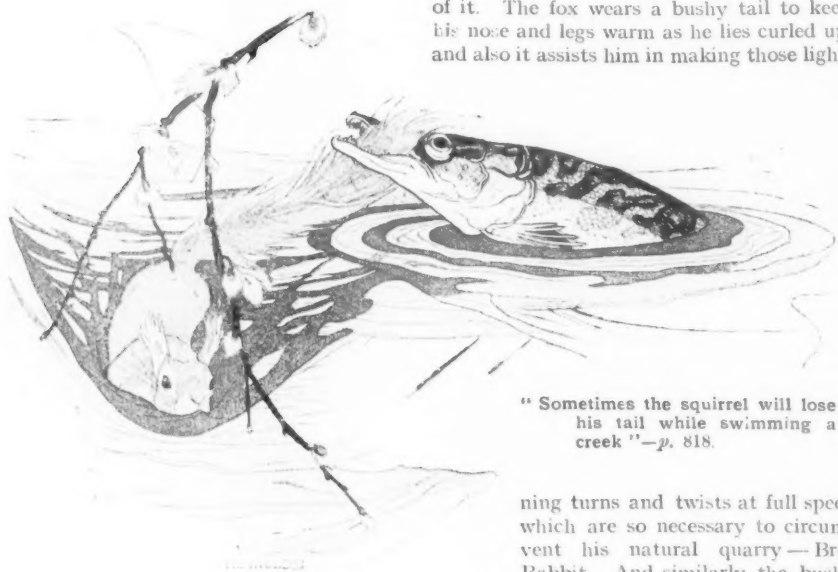
I have said that, when the squirrel takes to burying nuts haphazard, he has already laid aside his winter store, and of this I am convinced. By now the nights are cold, and as dusk draws near each squirrel makes for his cosy nook—probably a hollow tree. In this hollow tree he has his store, and as winter draws nearer he rises later each day and retires earlier, till at length the day dawns when he does not rise at all. The winter sleep is now upon him, but it is a light and fairy-like sleep compared with that of many winter sleepers. A gleam of warm sunshine at midday will bring him forth, blinking but lively, even in mid-winter, to scurry among the branches and dry leaves for a little while, then creep back into his cosy nest.

I have many times in the summer months

Among the Branches

There is much that is lovable and attractive in this little restless wanderer of the forest glades. Perhaps it is that he haunts the spots dear to us, and because, when we see him, the world is bright around us and we ourselves are happy, that he is among our darlings—or is it just because he is beautiful? Beautiful he is as he flits among the golden and russet leaves, as golden and russet as the brightest of them—light-hearted and free through his wakeaday wandering, always a joy to behold.

Why does the squirrel wear a fine tail? Is it merely an ornament? No. Nature does not waste material over ornaments. The pheasant wears a long tail to mislead his foes, so that, when they leap upon him, they are only too likely to fall short of the pheasant himself, and catch only his tail, at which he rises and leaves them in possession of it. The fox wears a bushy tail to keep his nose and legs warm as he lies curled up, and also it assists him in making those light-



" Sometimes the squirrel will lose his tail while swimming a creek "—p. 818.

discovered a squirrel's larder of the previous winter—or rather the husks that remained. Hazel nuts and acorns evidently form the bulk of the supply, and it is to be noticed that a squirrel never troubles to crack the bad nuts. These he casts aside with the husks, so evidently he is able to tell—probably by their weight—which nuts are worth opening.

ning turns and twists at full speed which are so necessary to circumvent his natural quarry—Brer Rabbit. And similarly the bushy tail of the squirrel is invaluable in assisting him in his daily affairs—so valuable, indeed, that a squirrel that has lost its tail cannot live.

A squirrel's tail is his parachute. You will notice that when he springs from branch to branch he twitches his tail downwards, not only to assist him in gaining the necessary impulse of the leap, but also in breaking the force of the impact when he lands. Thus

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he can land, lightly as a feather, on a twig so slender that his weight, wrongly applied, might snap it. Thus he can turn in mid-air and alight, if he so choose, head upwards on the vertical trunk after throwing himself head downwards through space for many feet.

Should he by chance lose his tail the loss does not appear to cause him any immediate inconvenience, for he will turn and chatter abuse as light-heartedly as if no great calamity had befallen him. Sometimes, perhaps, he will lose it while swimming a creek, a large trout or pike snatching savagely at it while he swims, at which the sheath strips easily from the bone, leaving only the naked stem. But the squirrel's fate is sealed. Sallying forth into the woods he tries again his headlong leaps. Here he falls short and drops to earth heavily; there a twig snaps and lets him down; again he leaps for the trunk and, deprived of his rudder, stripped of his parachute, is unable to perform that final twist, and strikes the trunk head foremost. It is not the first mishap that kills him, or the second, but the many mishaps that come each day, till at length, baffled and beaten, unable to understand what has befallen him, he creeps away to that secret nook of his, and kind Mother Nature takes him to her arms.

His Little Cousin

In the north there is a little grey squirrel called the flying squirrel. From its fore legs to its hind legs extends a fur-covered tissue, which enables the animal to plane

or float considerable distances from tree to tree. A curious point is that the habits of this little cousin of the common red squirrel are all the reverse to his. Whereas the red squirrel hibernates, the grey squirrel is astir the winter through, and however wild the blizzard may blow, however furiously the snowflakes may drive, he is at his gambols. And whereas the red squirrel is strictly diurnal in his habits, the grey squirrel is strictly nocturnal—the one never sallying forth after darkness has fallen, the other never sallying forth till darkness has fallen.

The grey squirrel, prized on account of its fur, is an even more beautiful little creature than the red, and while the latter is apt to be noisy and precocious, his little grey cousin is modest and secretive, much of his life being locked away in that great book of mysteries—the night.

And so, gentle reader, we have moved for an hour or so through the rustling forest, where gossamer threads hang on the still air with the first breath of autumn, and where the scents and sounds we love are fragrant to our senses; we have seen how the long months of cold and hunger can be slept away till the joyous spring calls us forth into the world of sunshine, and how wisely Nature guards and guides her offspring, thinking not only of to-day, but also of to-morrow. Let us hie forth into the woods, then, you and I, and learn what we can for ourselves by peeping silently into the ways of wild nature, for a love of these things is a fountain of wealth through life—a wealth of contentment and happiness.

"SURSUM CORDA!"

(Lift up your hearts)

"SURSUM CORDA," men of old
Said as they passed by;
And you hardly need be told
Their good reason why,
That, though persecuted oft,
Pierced with hatred's darts,
Yet they knew that Right would win,
And said, "Lift up your hearts!"

"Sursum corda"—brave old speech,
Echoing to-day!
Full of cheer for all and each
On life's stony way;

When our feet are journey-tired,
When the tear-drop starts,
Comes that echo from the past
Which says, "Lift up your hearts!"

"Sursum corda!" Hark! it rings
O'er the hills of time,
Courage for to-day it brings,
Fortitude sublime,
Faith that, though the sun may sink,
Yet it ne'er departs;
Trust in all things right and true;
Then lift—lift up your hearts!

A. B. C.

WHAT RECONSTRUCTION MEANS

How the Government is Facing the Problem of Resettlement

By WILKINSON SHERREN

With a Special Message by

Dr. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON

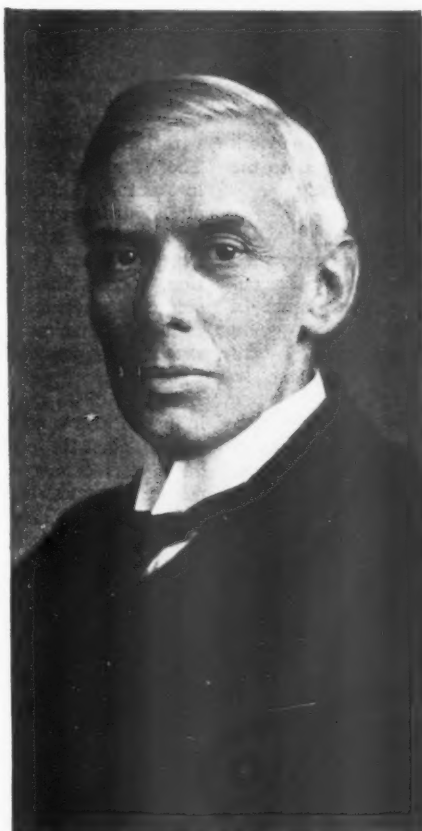
Minister of Reconstruction

AFTER the war, what? The world will have to be more or less rebuilt. Plans for reconstruction have been matured by the Government, and others are occupying the close attention of various groups of experts.

The Start

Side by side with our prosecution of the war has gone on carefully devised preparations for the days ensuing after the conflict. On March 17, 1917, Mr. E. S. Montagu was appointed Vice-Chairman of the Reconstruction Committee of which the Premier was Chairman. In July, 1917, the Committee was raised to the status of a separate Ministry, by means of the New Ministries Bill; when Mr. Montagu became Secretary of State for India, Dr. Christopher Addison was appointed Minister of Reconstruction. The functions of the Ministry were described as principally advisory: (1) The restoration of normal

conditions in commerce and industry, and the development of trade; (2) The restoration of the normal life of persons affected by war conditions, and the improvement of their lot.



Dr. Christopher Addison.

Photo:
R. Holmes.

Thorough Work

The work of the Ministry of Reconstruction has been mapped out very thoroughly, and is now engaging the attention of 87 Commissions and Committees. The better to cope with its extensive tasks the Ministry is divided into sections under the following headings: (1) Commerce and production, including the supply of materials. (2) Finance, shipping and common services. (3) Labour and industrial organisation. (4) Rural development, the machinery of local government, health and education, housing and internal transport.

Translated into the words of Dr. Addison—in the form of a special statement intended for the

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readers of THE QUIVER—we have the position put into living language as follows :

Dr. Addison's Statement

"In order to make good the losses involved by the War" runs Dr. Addison's pronouncement, "we shall need increased production of all kinds, and this increased output must be conditioned by four things; first of all a better co-operation between capital and labour; secondly, better conditions of life; thirdly, better training; and lastly, improved industrial methods. It is essential that any arrangements for an increased output should include arrangements by which Labour secures a share in the benefits of the increase, and a permanent improvement of industrial methods necessitates arrangements whereby security of employment is obtained for the workers.

"National safety and progress require—what surely is not too much to hope for—that we should devote at least as much energy and intelligence to the work of restoration as we have devoted to the defence of our liberties in the war."

National Spring-Cleaning

Every Department of State is concerned in the consideration implied by Reconstruction. Behind the scenes a sort of National Spring-Cleaning has been going on for many months past, and I will here recapitulate what has been done, so far.

First of all, the plans for Demobilisation have been fully worked out, in preparation for the happy time when our fighting men will be disbanded. The "pivotal" men of various industries will be returned to civil life first, the general question of the re-settlement of our discharged soldiers and sailors being the special task of the Ministry of Labour. In order to bring this about as quickly as possible the existing employment exchanges will be used in conjunction with the co-operative help of employers' associations and trade unions. It is interesting to know, in this respect, that about 60 per cent. of the men on active or home service have the opportunity of returning to their former occupations.

Housing

Elaborate housing schemes are also ready

for execution, and probably at least 50,000 new houses will be built in the United Kingdom in the year following the war. The Government grant for housing will suffice to enable local authorities to proceed immediately with the work of preparing designs for buying land and laying out sites. So it will be seen that war is to be declared upon slum areas and insanitary dwellings.

Capital and Labour

Practical steps have also been taken to bring about a better relationship between employers and workpeople. This has come about as the result of the deliberations of a Sub-Committee presided over by the Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley. It unanimously recommended the formation for each industry of an organisation representative of employers and workpeople, to have as its object the regular consideration of matters affecting the progress and well-being of all those engaged in it, so far as this is consistent with the general interest of the community. The War Cabinet sanctioned this proposal last autumn, and the pottery industry has already adopted it.

As to the expansion of trade, much is expected from the British Trade Corporation, incorporated by Royal Charter last summer to give financial assistance to British traders and manufacturers after the war, especially in connection with overseas trade. This, combined with the Non-Ferrous Metal Industry Bill—designed to cut enemy influence and control out of the trade in copper, zinc, tin, etc., so far as it is carried on in this country—should do more than restore essential trades to pre-war conditions. The encouragement given to farmers to convert grass-land into arable, by reason of the Corn Production Bill, has already assured larger supplies of home-grown wheat; and ought in the end to make us self-supporting.

The Abolition of the Workhouse

Having seen what has already been accomplished towards Reconstruction, let us glance at some of the proposals of the Committees that have already reported. Their recommendations now await the approval of the War Cabinet. The proposals made by the Local Government Committee on the Poor Law will make a

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The Minister of Reconstruction
at Work in his Office.

*Specially photographed
by Reginald Haines.*

special appeal to the kind-hearted. As a result, Mr. Bumble and all his works have been condemned. The Workhouse, and its dealings with poor people on the whole sale system, as a result of these recommendations, may be reformed out of existence. When that ugly word "pauper" disappears from our vocabulary in the new world that is to be, I hope the causes that lead to destitution will also be removed. One of the reasons given for the proposed abolition of the Workhouse is the fact that at present poor people are forced into the Union when they cannot bring themselves to have their claims examined by Boards of Guardians. These bodies, it is recommended, should follow the Workhouse into an unregretted limbo, the functions of the Poor Law Authorities to be merged in the County and Borough Councils.

A Chaotic State of Affairs

The present chaotic state of things may be imagined when it is known that there are

at this moment a large number of different bodies giving various forms of public assistance out of rates and taxes quite independently of one another. Many of these bodies deal on different lines with members of the same family. As a matter of fact, there are seven different public authorities giving money in the home and at least six are giving various forms of medical treatment. Such over-lapping means loss of efficiency, as well as loss of money. Further, it is recommended that children of school age shall be removed from Poor Law control and placed under the care of the Education Committees. Moreover, it is suggested that the Councils be required to appoint new Committees to administer help to people in their own homes, and that special Committees shall be appointed to deal with labour, training, and unemployment. All these reforms are long overdue, you may say. In the absence of a great public impulse towards reconstruction no such sweeping changes have been possible. The war has

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taught us that we are in very deed and truth our brother's keeper, and revealed to the many defects in our social system which previously were only realised clearly by the few.

In the days when our land was known as Merrie England the forests were well cared for, because the oaks provided the material with which were built the wooden walls against our foes, and also the masts and spars. 100,000 acres were planted with oak during the eighteenth century because of the then growing shortage of Navy timber. The present war has made us realise the paramount importance of timber, and there are many facts in the final report of the Forestry Sub-Committee to throw that fact into bold relief. Although the importations of timbers of all kinds during the years 1915 and 1916 were considerably below the pre-war imports, their cost for the two years was thirty-seven million pounds in excess of their pre-war value, and they absorbed seven million net tons of shipping. If our forefathers had paid greater attention to afforestation, we, their descendants, should have been better equipped to wage this war.

Afforestation

Far-reaching afforestation proposals must form part of our plans of reconstruction for a variety of reasons. In the first place forestry would provide a congenial occupation for ex-soldiers. Idle land must become productive land. The United Kingdom ought to be rendered independent of imported timber for at least three years. The total area under woodland in the United Kingdom before the war was

estimated at three million acres, and it is now held to be necessary to afforest 1,770,000 acres. The State policy recommended will begin to provide pitwood from the fifteenth year onward. By the fortieth year, we are told, the plantations made in the first ten years will contain sufficient timber to keep our pits supplied for two years. The estimated cost for the first ten years is £3,425,000. The most popular appeal in the recommendations of the Forestry Sub-Committee is the opportunities they would provide for settling discharged soldiers on the land under healthy conditions.

Our Principal Danger

The principal danger after the war is lest we should then be overtaken by a wave of materialism, a danger which Mr. Lloyd George specifically mentioned in one of his Eistedfodd speeches. It will behove members of the Christian Churches to bear his words in mind. "When this terrible conflict is over," he said, "a wave of materialism

will sweep over the land. Nothing will count but machinery and output, and I have done my best to improve machinery and output. There is nothing so fatal to a people than that it should narrow its vision to the material needs of the hour. . . . We shall need at the end of the war better workshops, but we shall also need more than ever every institution that will exalt the vision of the people above and beyond the workshop and the counting-house." It is this kind of lead one welcomes particularly from a statesman, for men of vision are rare.



Afforestation

Photo: Alpers.

A start has already been made by the Women's Forestry Corps on a Settlement in the New Forest. Preparing for Planting the Young Trees.—See p. 829.

The Sound of the Silence

By

KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

HALF-WAY up the trail that went straight as a fiddle's string from the road below to his house on the hill, Jason Elder paused and closed his eyes to listen, willing to shut out the purpling shadows on the tall trees' trunks, the blazing red-and-gold vine maples in the open places, sifted with sunshine, all of the colourful mosaic made of the woods by May, the better to hear the wind in the trees and the rush of the stream, the whirl of a wing, the snatch of a bird's song, the capricious, ever-changing, never-ending music of the trail.

"Mary Larabee," whispered the wind through the trees this early evening, "Mary Larabee."

"She is a true lassie," clamoured the brook, and went hurrying on to repeat again and again, "A true lassie, a true lassie, if ever there was one."

Those had been the words of the mail carrier as he had handed Jason the letter, twenty minutes before, the letter that still lay unopened in Jason's pocket. During the past five years they had come to be a formula with the old man. Twice each week, when he gave Jason his letter from Mary, he had used them:

"Aye, and here's your letter, lad. Mary Larabee is a true lassie if ever there was one."

Jason had always vaguely resented the statement. His girl was true, of course she was true; did one speak about the trueness of the stars or of the tide? But this evening the words brought comfort to him.

He took the letter from his pocket and looked at it and smiled. Change? His Mary change! Why, even the handwriting on this letter was the same as the handwriting on the first letter; not a cross of a t, not a dot of an i, had altered



He started to tear open the envelope, and paused. The wind in the trees and the water in the brook sang on, reassuringly, telling him that Mary Larabee was true. But the silence—— What did it say?

Again he smiled. That had been one of her fancies, one of her phrases—"the sound of the silence." He could see her now, standing in her father's cabin, her violin tucked under her cheek, trying, trying to capture the magic melody of the trail. He could hear her now, saying, as she put the instrument regretfully away:

"No, I can catch the wind, and the water, and some of the birds' songs, but I can't get the sound of the silence."

There had never been any other girl for Jason Elder; almost, indeed, there had never been any other person for him, because Mary was the one in the world who had ever understood his love for the sounds of the world. Truly, his mother had used to point to him with pride sometimes as he had stood, violin in hand, in the centre of a group of restless friends or relatives, and say that he had never had a lesson in his life. True, too, at times his father had rewarded him with a request for a repetition of some of his more tuneful compositions. But they had never understood why he did not care to play for the town dances; had never understood when he had tried to play the slender grey-white lines of the birch trees or the twinkling poplar leaves; had

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never understood, or so it seemed to him, anything at all.

So he had left them in the little town in the Middle West, still not understanding him, and had come to the Far West to take up his homestead on the hills at the base of Finger Mountain. For months he had lived in his little shack among the trees, working, listening, playing his violin at night, never knowing that he was lonely, never feeling a lack in his life, until one evening music had come to him—music that had drawn him through the brake-covered fields, across the hill, and straight to Mary.

It was a miracle that they should meet, these two, on those far-away-from-anywhere hills. That, having met, they should love, was inevitable.

But their love was a harmony, rather than a passion; so, when, after the months of a western Oregon winter's rains and fogs, the doctor from the city had decided that if Mr. Larabee were to live another winter he must be taken into the hot, germ-killing sunshine of southern California, they thought of their separation as merely a necessary change in measure for a time. They never dreamed that distance could mean discord, or that months or years of absence could put them out of tune.

Almost placidly Mary had taken her father away; entirely patiently Jason had stayed behind to fight the slow, back-breaking, sometimes mind-and-spirit-breaking battle of the homesteader.

He had won. He was the make of man who does win. His land was fenced; his fields were cleared of brake, now, and sheep were grazing on them; his shack was but a shed for the new house in front of it.

While he had been making a home for Mary, the waiting had not been so hard; and, even after the home was ready, while Mary's duty had kept her with her father in California, the waiting, though a bit harder, had been a happy waiting. But now— Four months ago, her father had died. Four months ago, Mary had written that she was coming straight to him. Four months of long days that stretched slowly into endless weeks, and she was not with him, was no nearer to him than she had been three months before.

At first her letters had told her reasons for the delay—some shopping to do in Los Angeles, a slight illness in San Francisco.

Her following letters had not mentioned her illness at all until, in response to his urgent questionings, had come the letter with the new note in it, the frightening note, in which she assured him that she was quite well and had been quite well for some time, as he would believe could he see her "gadding about in the city."

"I had thought," so this letter finished, "that joy grew only in the world's wild places, with the trees and the mountains, under a wide, open sky. I had never known a city. But now that I am getting acquainted with this city, I am finding joy in such big patches that I want to pick lots of it, fill my apron and my hands quite full of its flowers, before I must go away from here to where I can't find this sort of pleasure any more."

Of course, after that, he could not urge her to hurry to him. He could only tell her, as he had been telling her through the five years, how he loved her and wanted her and was waiting for her.

She replied with descriptions dully minute and tourist-flavoured—the Stevenson monument, Chinatown, Cliff House, and the seals on the rocks. In her last letter she had told him about going to a concert where one of the most famous violinists had played.

He had read that letter but once before he had put it away with the other letters, the old so very different letters, and he had tried to forget it. Failing with the forgetting, he had told himself that the next letter would set things straight again, would explain.

But here he stood holding the next letter in his hands, turning it over and over, afraid to open it. Suddenly ashamed of his fears, suddenly realising that any certainty would be better than the dread and the doubts, he tore it open. The envelope fluttered to the ground. He read:

"DEAR JASON,—I have tried lately, in my letters, to prepare you for what I must tell you now. I hope I have succeeded, because I must make this last letter very plain. I am not coming to you. I cannot marry you, ever. You will think hard thoughts about me for this, will blame me. Perhaps I deserve to be blamed. I don't know. But I do know that during these months in the city I have changed. The mere thought, now, of spending the remainder of my life

THE SOUND OF THE SILENCE

with you on those hills sets me shuddering. You are not a man who could want an unwilling wife, so please accept this as final.

"MARY."

Jason folded the single sheet of paper neatly, stooped and picked up the envelope, put the letter into it, and went on up the trail to his house on the hill.

Two hours later, when the chores were done, he sat down before his home-made desk in his home-made living-room and took from it Mary's letters, package after package of them, tied up with white tape. He sorted through them, handling them gently as if they had been frail, living things, found the one marked "Mary's letters from April 4th, 1912, to April 4th, 1913," slipped the top letter from beneath the tape, and began to read. Twelve letters, one for each month, he read from that package, and then he began on the letters for the next year, and then on to the next year, and the next, and the next. It was late when he finally stood up, took from his pocket the letter that had come that afternoon, and placed it by itself opposite the bulging packages.

"One against hundreds," he said aloud. "It's a lie. But she won't tell me lies with her lips."

He went out of the back door and into the shed, found his lantern, and lit it. Then, swinging it in his hand, he walked the six miles to "the other" hill on which the McGraw homestead stretched its dilapidated acres.

His reception, because the McGraw family had been in bed and asleep for hours, was not cordial, but his mission was successful.

Emmet McGraw would, for much more money than the work was worth, come to Jason's place in the morning and care for it during its owner's absence.

Five days later, a young man who knew how to wear the right sort of clothes and was wearing them—he had wasted two



"It doesn't make any difference," she replied;
'nothing can make any difference'—p. 826.

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling.

precious days in Portland so that Mary need not be ashamed of him—stepped into one of San Francisco's more retiring hotels and abstracted a brief glance of approval from the blasé clerk as he inquired whether Miss Larabee was still staying at this hotel.

She was. A bell boy, hovering about, proffered the information that Miss Larabee was in the dining-room just then, and offered to carry a message to her.

"No," said Jason, shortly; "show me where the dining-room is."

He saw her the instant that he stepped into the long, brightly lit room. She was sitting at a small side table, and she was facing him, but her eyes and her hands were busy with the table bouquet of daffodils.

For the first time since he had left his

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Oregon hills, Jason's confidence deserted him, and something of the old fear returned. She had changed; or was it the flaring yellow of the lights and the black gown she was wearing that made her look so different, so tired and so white?

He walked rapidly down the room and had reached her side before she glanced up.

"Jason!" she said; that was all, but the hand she held out to him trembled and her cheeks pinked as they had used to pink whenever he and she had met.

"Mary—" he began, half pleadingly, half defiantly.

She took her hand away from his.

"This is not fair," she interrupted. "Didn't you get my letter?"

As she spoke, he knew that she had indeed changed. Her appearance had changed; her voice had changed—it was lower, not less sweet, perhaps, but of an entirely different quality, a stranger's voice now, not Mary's. And that odd, searching, staring look in her eyes! She had never looked at him, or at anyone, like that.

He sat down opposite to her.

"Didn't you get my letter?" she repeated.

"Yes. But I didn't, I don't believe it. Can you, Mary, say to me now what you wrote to me in your letter?"

"I said all I have to say in my letter," she answered.

She spoke slowly, stubbornly, but as Jason looked into the eyes that never for an instant had ceased their searching inspection of his face, he could not read entire truth in their clear greyness.

"Mary," he said, "it isn't the city that has made you change, I know. There's something you're keeping from me."

She smiled, a smile that tried pathetically hard to be a light smile and that failed even in the trying, and shook her head.

"Won't you," he urged, "come out with me somewhere, to a park or down by the ocean? We can't talk here. Won't you give me an hour alone with you, away from these people?"

She folded her hands on the table and leaned towards him.

"Jason," she said, "there's no use, no good in arguing. I have changed. I won't go home with you. I won't marry you. So please—please"—her voice trembled lower and lower—"go away and leave me alone and don't bother me any more."

"Do you mean it, dear? Are you sure that you mean you want me to go away, right now, and never see you again?"

She hesitated. She tried to smile and failed again, and then she answered, "No," and repeated it, positively, "No—no!"

A waiter came and handed Jason a bill of fare. He glanced at it, dismissed the waiter with a hurried order, and turned to Mary. He was going to tell her that he understood—that it was the homestead on the lonesome hills that she dreaded, and that he did not blame her. He was going to tell her that he would sell the homestead as soon as it was possible to sell it, and that they could stay together here in the city she loved; that places did not matter to him, that nothing mattered to him but having her and making her happy.

"Then," questioned Mary, before he could say one word of the things he had to say, "then you are not going? You insist upon staying, when I have asked you to go? It is unkind of you and—it is most rude."

All of Jason's mental abilities seemed suddenly to twist themselves into an inextricable tangle. She had said— But he must have misunderstood her. No, it must have been she who had misunderstood his question. At any rate, now it was plain enough. She wanted him to go. And he must go, of course. She wanted him to go. He had not misunderstood that. She had said he bothered her. She had said he was unkind and most rude. He had not misunderstood that, either. He must go—back to the hills—alone. But how could that be when Mary Larabee was true? She was true—

The people who were with that fat baby in that small high chair had best be watching it. Twisting about so, leaning out that way, it would topple over in a minute. To his amazement, he found himself voicing his last thought:

"That baby behind you," he said, "is going to tip over, chair and all, in a moment, if its parents don't notice it."

She did not so much as turn her head. She kept right on looking at him with that odd, searching stare of hers.

"It doesn't make any difference," she replied. "Nothing you can say—inducements, arguments—nothing can make any difference. I will not marry you. Now—please go away."

THE SOUND OF THE SILENCE

The chair with the baby in it tipped a few inches further, toppled for an instant, and was caught in the last nick of time by a passing waiter. But the dishes on the tray of the chair slid off it and fell on the tile floor, directly behind Mary, with a smashing clatter and bang.

She was rearranging the daffodils. She did not start; she did not lift her eyes from the flowers; she did not glance behind her.

As the baby had begun to fall, Jason had half risen from his chair. He sat down again.

"I—thought you were going?" she said.

He shook his head.

"No, not yet."

"We're making a scene," she objected. "Everyone is staring in our direction."

He did not answer her, but he raised himself a bit in his chair and lifted his chin as if attempting to peer over her shoulder.

She turned, looked at the screaming baby, at the broken dishes, and at the waiter busy with the wreckage. The pink in her cheeks burned into a deep red.

"What a f-u-s about a child's accident!" she said.

Jason picked up a dish of olives on their table and passed it to her.

"Mary," he said, but he spoke in his throat and kept his teeth tightly closed. "Mary, I think I understand. Can you hear one word I'm saying to you, sweetheart?"

"No, thank you," she answered. "I don't care for olives."

Jason took a notebook from his pocket, tore out a leaf, and began to write on it:

"Somewhere, in less than five minutes, I'm going to take you in my arms and kiss you. Shall it be here?"

He handed the paper across the table to her and began to write on another one.

"Jason—no—no!" she gasped; but he was busy writing—

"And once you are in my arms, I'm not going to put you down until I've carried you home and up our trail and into our house, where you're going to stay and let me love you always."

Without looking up he passed this message across to her and began again to write.

She read the slip of paper, reached across the table, and caught his hand.

"Wait," she said; "I must tell you. It's

hopeless, Jason. The cold I had settled in my ears. I thought it was nothing, but—there were abscesses. For a while I hoped, until— Well, the day I wrote my last letter to you, that day the doctor told me I—needn't—couldn't hope any longer. I—"

Her hand still over his, he scribbled three words on the paper and turned it for her to see: "I love you."

"Yes— But you don't understand. We couldn't hear together, we—couldn't even talk together. I've tried to learn lip-reading, but I'm so slow and stupid. If I were lame, or blind, or—anything but deaf for you, you lover of sounds! No—no, I can't! It would be cheating you! It—"

He looked at his watch and smiled. Then he stood up and started around the table towards her.

"Jason! You wouldn't—!" she managed, but perhaps something in his face told her that he might, for she rose from her chair and went with him out of the dining-room, into the lift, and up to the parlour.

There, in a curtained recess, he put his arms around her and kissed her, and, though her face was damp with tears, her lips were as warm as spring sunshine, and she clung to him.

Down below, the city roared and grumbled and tooted. In the next room, someone was trying to pick out a popular tune on a tuneless piano. From the hall came laughter, harsh and discordant.

But what did that matter? They had found the path that went back through the years to their first kiss; and high in the trees the wind was blowing, and right over there the stream was rushing, and all about them birds were beginning their webs of song, and breaking them, and beginning again.

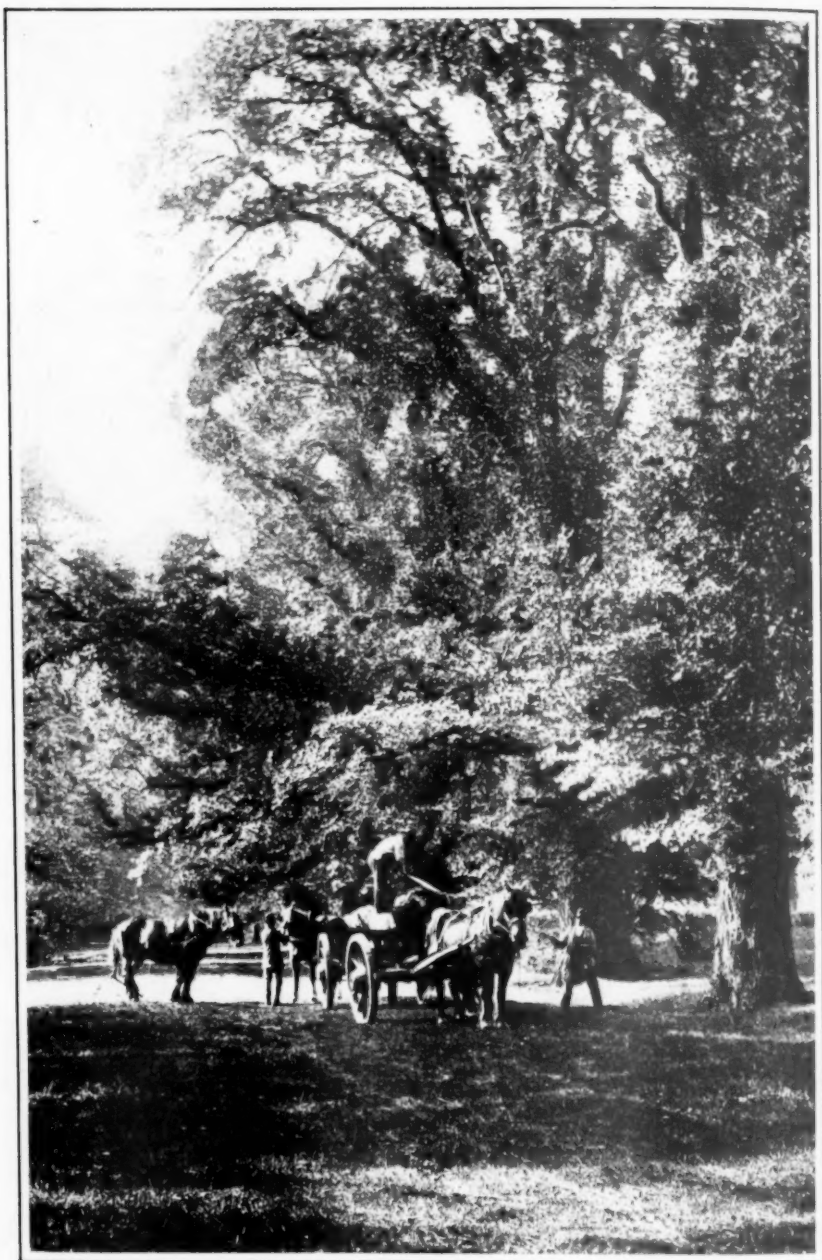
She lifted her face, a face all glorified with gladness, to his.

"I thought God hated me," she said, "but now I understand. It's through the sound of the silence that one can hear the voice of the soul."

"Heart of my life," he whispered, "you will come with me soon? You won't send me home alone?"

She sighed a half sigh, but she brightened it with a smile.

"Here, then," she said, "are the *spoken* words for you, dear. I will go with you to-day."



CONSCRIPTED.

The Face of Old England



How the War is Leaving its Mark on the Countryside

By AGNES M. MIALL

ON many a loved face, of late years, we have traced a change; the impress that war has left on the looks of a gay-hearted boy or a sensitive man who has confronted horrors "out there." Inevitably there is a grimness, a steeling of mind and soul against awful reality, in that new expression.

And this summer, as we take our rest from work, we shall see, not perhaps for the first time, a new war sternness in our country herself. Many a familiar view is swept away, never, probably, to be seen again while we live. The inner spirit of England is what it has been since August, 1914, but the outward face of the country—how altered it is!

North, south, east or west, outside the great cities, ancient familiar places wear a changed aspect. The shortest railway journey drives home the difference between the old order and the new.

"Now we come to a gorgeous stretch of woodland," we say, and from the carriage window we strain our eyes for the first glimpse of deep green distances and boles like the pillars of a church.

And there are no distances. The train rushes past those slender stems stacked hundreds deep on the ground—a wreckage made unbearably clear by the fierce sunlight there is no longer any foliage to veil.

Blake wrote of "England's green and pleasant land," but to-day the first adjective calls for revision. Rather is England a realm of browns and yellows. Even the vast emerald sweeps of the South Downs are broken, and their lower slopes cut into by patches of golden harvest. Many a breezy bit of commonland has disappeared under the plough; many a velvety park is put to practical use. To read that the Princess Royal has let Mar Forest, her sporting Scotch estate, for grazing, in order to help food production, is merely to sound one more note in the new tune. Would an exile recognise his England?

It is the loss of the woods which strikes the deepest. For ploughed fields may soon revert to pasture when the need for corn is over. The Downs were once cultivated as they are being now—as many ruins, that could only have been farm-houses where none are needed in our time, may testify;

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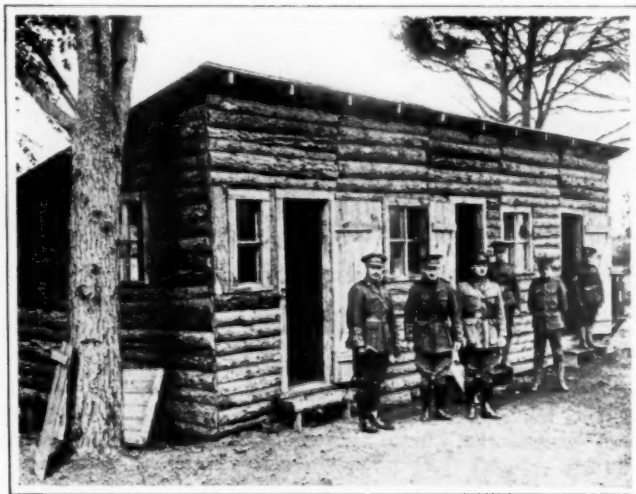
and, abandoned ere now to grazing, may be so abandoned once more. But the trees are the children of Time himself, and even if immediately replanted, few, if any of us, will live to see them worthy groves again.

It is impossible to visualise an England without trees. They are her peculiar beauty, giving that softness, that richness, that park-like aspect which strike the foreigner. England has a smaller area under woodland than most other countries, but in no land are trees so universal.

Only those who travel extensively (and

one sees time after time a plantation of firs carved out from the centre of the woodlands and every beech left standing, causing many a sudden glade where all was thick planting. Conifers seem to be doomed to the last trunk, and forest-wise people fear the almost total extinction of "the lady of the forest"—ash—in its mature form. Oak, also, is tremendously used, but the relative supply is so much larger than in the case of the pines that we need not fear to be deprived of all our "stilly woods of oak," at any rate for some years to come, while elms will almost entirely escape.

There is a whole romance of industry in the getting of these vast supplies of timber. At the time of writing about 130,000,000 cubic feet of standing timber have already been disposed of in the United Kingdom for felling. Think of this stupendous total in the light of the almost total lack of vigorous man-power available in this country for such strenuous work as felling, and you will wonder blankly how so much has ever been accomplished. Visit different forestry centres, and you will feel that



An unusual sight in an English forest: a Canadian "shack" erected for Headquarters of Canadian Lumbermen at Newton Abbot, Devon.

Photograph shows the Commanding Officer and his Staff.

few do in these days) realise at all clearly what heavy toll is being levied on our national woodlands. Each of us bemoans the destruction near at hand. Welshmen stand aghast at the clearing of whole Cambrian mountains of their timber, in Devon they watch the removal of the green masses which soften rugged Exmoor, and Londoners have for the moment waged successful war against the threatened baring of lovely Leith Hill; but the known instances are as nothing to the unknown.

Naturally certain timbers have paid far heavier toll than others. Beech, owing to its light and brittle nature, is practically exempt, and on the Chilterns, for instance,

you are in the midst of a world-tour.

For since English labour there is not, and labour there must be for this vital work of supplying the Allies with timber, labour is sought and found in the most distant places of the earth. I shall not easily forget revisiting a remote Buckinghamshire village which I had not seen for some years, and standing spellbound on the green with the illusion that some magic carpet had transported me to California. Bounding that green in the old days was a magnificent wood, mostly beeches, but with firs intermingled; very dark and creepy it always looked, and seemed to frown across at the village houses.

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Photo: Alfieri.

Altering the Face of Old England—the First Step in Deforestation.

(A photograph taken at Newstead Abbey, Notts.)

But now—a lightsome fringe of beeches, through which the sun filtered joyously, and beyond a deep clearing, long and narrow, as far as the eye could see, though hemmed in on the other side with more beeches. All the length of the clearing ran a narrow-gauge line, and down it dark men in sombreros guided timber-filled trucks, which swung rapidly towards the sawn and piled heaps on the green. There were huts that seemed made for the backwoods of the New World, and everywhere olive-skinned foreigners sawing, measuring, loading. It was a perfect cinema scene in the Far West, but for the high-pitched, unknown tongue which the men flung perpetually at one another.

They were all Portuguese, brought over, lock, stock and barrel, from their southern land by the firm which was working out the contract for the Government. A mile away they had their own little wooden village—huts, cook-house and recreation room.

Here is another picture one may see to-day in old England: "A well-made road runs through deep forest woodlands. At a clearing you come upon a camp of wooden huts. The log huts are trim and well-built, of split trunks, unbarked, the bark-covered convex side outwards. At the door of the first small hut leans carelessly a tall, lithe Westerner, with slouch hat, jean shirt, and loose, yellow trousers. In the next horses are stamping. Great piles of timber form deep avenues on either side; and between the piles clean and fragrant sawdust is drifted high. Under an open shed is a steam saw mill, continually fed by logs, which are quickly and most economically trimmed to planks. You would swear you had wandered in a day-dream to a Canadian lumber camp. In fact, you have. It is a unit of the Canadian Forestry Corps at work in an English forest."

It is one of the many almost unnoticed miracles of war-time organisation that has set these men where they are—discharged soldiers, or over-age labourers, but who are helping the war as truly as any of their brethren in the front lines. There are no fewer than forty units of the Corps



The Second Step:

The "Woodpeckers" at work on the Marquis of Hertford's estate in Warwickshire.

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Photo: Alfie-I.

Another Unusual Sight for Old England:

Our Portuguese Allies working in the forest of Penn, in Bucks.

scattered through England. Each consists of 175 men, with a comprehensive equipment which includes, amongst other unconsidered trifles, their own railways and rolling stock, steam sawmills, lorries and horses; and the wonder is that all of these were safely transported across the Atlantic with so extraordinarily little fuss and publicity.

Much though this sounds, it is not nearly all. Scottish forests are worked by similar, though somewhat smaller, detachments from Newfoundland. In addition there are ten complete American lumber camps, which have been given, with full outfits, six by each one of the six New England states, and four by the New England lumber trade. This instance of American generosity and co-operation deserves to be better known than it apparently is, for the work done in these camps is of incalculable value. In other districts may be seen the soft green hats of the Women's Forestry Corps, or the labour of Belgians, Finns and German prisoners. It is calculated that the Timber Supplies Department of the Board of Trade employs 30,000 hands, and this is independ-

ent of the many more working for private contractors and timber merchants.

The Timber Supplies Department was created in 1917 to deal with the problem of war needs in wood. Prohibitions of imports of timber had already saved tonnage, and it remained to the new Department to produce at home what we could no longer get from abroad. Grievous as it seems to strip our forests right and left, it is absolutely essential, for not only are war-time requirements huge, but, timber being practically the most bulky of all imports, we cannot spare the ships to bring it from countries where it is vastly more abundant. All that we can do, other than cutting down our home woods, is to economise as far as possible in its use.

Many forests have grown to maturity since old Evelyn declared that Forest of Dean oak made the choicest ship timber in the world. But now our fleets are of steel, not wood, and on first thoughts one wonders who and what absorb the vast supplies now being levelled to earth.

Before the war, in the last pre-war year,

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we imported eleven and a half million loads of timber, and about one-third of this went to the mines to be used as pit-props. To-day, with the Navy and Army as huge consumers of coal, the output, as we all know, has had to be considerably increased, and more timber is needed than ever. But by far the largest proportion goes for more direct war needs, such as trench-building, railways, camps of huts, and such mundane but essential things as packing-cases and ammunition boxes. Aeroplane parts, again, absorb a large quantity of the finest ash.

Yet, though no one, realising the vital need, would raise a hand to stay the felling of so much as a single trunk, it is natural and right that we should look forward to our woodlands growing again, if not for us, at least for our descendants. And here there is comfort in the undeniable fact that many of them increased so largely in the last few decades before the war that we have had far greater areas under woodland than contented our grandparents. Nearly one-fourth of heavily wooded Surrey was planted

between 1880 and 1895, yet we do not hear that in the 'seventies people found the county any less beautiful and lovable than it is to-day. It is the same in the matter of ploughing, which also changes the face of the country so much. The Board of Agriculture recently announced that we have now as much land under cultivation as fifty years ago, so that war-time England seems reverting to the aspect which men knew in mid-Victorian days.

In the matter of cultivated land, as I have said, little can be done, or ought to be done, for there is no doubt that for years to come we shall need to keep a much larger area than before 1914 under cultivation to modify the world shortage of food; and probably for some time after peace, parks and waste lands will continue their career as allotments. When the need is past, these will revert more or less of themselves to their old condition; but the case is very different with the woodlands. When we remember that conifers, to take an example, need eighty years to mature, we must realise



Far from the Land of Hiawatha:

Red Indian and Canadian Lumbermen cutting down an English forest.

Photo: Alfiar.

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that the present is not a moment too soon to do what we can to encourage replanting. With the New Forest heavily thinned and the district round Farnham piteously bled, to cite only two districts out of hundreds, we must look to it that new New Forests and new Farnham woods are replanted on the desolate cleared ground.

A start has already been made; but it is not more than a start. A correspondent to one of the weekly papers wrote that of all the felled districts he had visited around Farnham, he saw only one which shows signs of replanting. The Timber Supplies Department has, luckily, large stocks of the necessary seeds, but it looks rather probable that in the urgent need for felling the other necessity of restocking will be largely overlooked. What is wanted seems to be a strong public opinion on the subject, and the encouragement of private landowners to start new plantations at once. It has been suggested, too, that re-forestation should be planned by a committee that includes artists or nature lovers, so that the new woodlands may grow up just where they

will enhance the natural beauty of their surroundings.

Side by side with replanting runs the problem of conserving what is left. And though I may seem to have painted a black picture, that will be much, for in their very nature many of the more scattered woodlands are immune from war service. Though our "green days in forests" can never be quite the same again, yet we shall not be called upon to sacrifice the flowering hawthorn hedges or the shade of the wayside trees. Leafy lanes will still be leafy, and many a primrose copse will stand untouched by war's axe. Always we shall have the orchards, rosy pink and white against an April sky; and, after all, it is these scattered bits of woodland that give the country its beauty, far more than the masses of forest on which one happens only now and then.

Green fields are very joyful to the sight, but are not the rich brown of ploughing or the waving wheatfields almost more so? If the face of England has changed, grown grimmer and more warlike, it is still, in spite of all, the dearest face in the world.



The New "Harvest Home."

Women woodcutters at Ludlow bringing the trees home.

Photo: Alfieri.

A MATTER OF MOTIVE

By

DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

CHAPTER I

The Girl in the Blue Jersey

"WELL, of all God-forsaken spots!" Michael Kenyon looked drearily out of the railway carriage window. He had just changed from the main-line express and taken the little light railway to Stourton-on-the-Mere. "It looks all mere and nothing else," he added disconsolately aloud. Indeed, on a February day, with a grey rainy sky above and a brown muddy earth beneath, the marsh country is not at its best. And he had had enough of flat lands in Flanders. He sighed again.

Soon the shabby little train came to its first stopping-place. There were two stations before it reached Stourton. But it seemed in no hurry. It waited some minutes, while Mike fidgeted at the delay. Then at last, just when it had begun to think about moving, he saw a girl come running on to the platform. She waved frantically, but the one official, who apparently combined the offices of station-master, porter, and booking-clerk, was at the far end of the platform. Mike was almost in the last carriage. He leaned out, waved to the girl, opened the door, and hauled her in. She sank down upon the seat panting. For a minute she could not speak. And, in that time, the young man noticed that she was brown as a berry, and had the most wonderful hazel eyes he had ever seen. She was dressed in a rough tweed skirt and a woollen jersey of an uncommon, rather vivid, shade of blue.

"That was a near thing," he said, smiling at her.

"Yes, wasn't it?" Her voice was as attractive as her eyes. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have caught it. That stupid old Tadgers (Tadgers was evidently the station staff), not to see me! I think he's getting blind as well as deaf. And it's the last train that stops at Maddington, too. If I'd missed it I couldn't have got back to-night." For an instant a curious expression—could it possibly be fear?—crept into her eyes. Then she smiled again. "I believe the floods will be out to-morrow, too. The water has been rising all day."

"What happens then?" Mike was genuinely curious. Also he wanted her to go on talking.

"Oh, the line has to be shut till they go down again. Last February it was nearly a fortnight."

She went on to tell him of floods she had known. She seemed to have had a comprehensive experience. In a few minutes the train stopped at Carton Ferry. She did not get out. She must, then, be going to Stourton, the terminus of the little line. The young man's spirits rose. He most certainly did not intend to lose sight of her. To which end he thought he had better make sure of his ground.

"Do you know Stourton Court?" he asked when the opportunity came.

The girl flushed suddenly scarlet. "Oh, yes," she said quickly. "Why—why do you want to know?" She seemed almost nervous as to what his answer might be.

"Only I am going to stay there for a few days," he volunteered. "I have to do some billeting. You are going to have soldiers down here."

The nervous, half-eager expression on her face died away. She looked positively disappointed. Yet surely a girl so obviously full of life would welcome even the presence of a couple of hundred soldiers in such a dead-and-alive corner of the world.

"Will it be easy—to find the accommodation, I mean?" he added, more for the sake of saying something than anything else.

"I don't know." Her voice was reluctant. "There's not much room to spare in the village. I shouldn't have thought it at all a suitable place for troops."

"Oh, but these aren't troops. Only about two hundred men. They're out to learn dyke bridging and so on. This country is very like Flanders. I've had two years of it out there, off and on, so I ought to know. Now I'm sent home—no active service for six months—so the powers that be have sent me down here for a change. It's the sort of thing they would do." His eyes twinkled.

"When I suppose you feel you'd like to climb the Rocky Mountains for a holiday. Anything to get away from plains and water."

Mike nodded. He was delighted at her quick apprehension of his meaning. "Mud more especially," he put in. "I think I hate mud more than I hate anything in the world. And you seem to have plenty of it round here." They had just reached Stourton. The country round looked, if any-

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thing, more uninteresting than before. The young man made up his mind he would walk with his companion so far as she had to go. His own destination could wait. He picked up the basket she had put down on the seat beside her. It was very heavy.

"You'll let me carry this, won't you?" he said, when they were together on the deserted platform. "It's much too heavy for you."

"It's books—books and bacon principally." She smiled, but her face was doubtful. "Well, you can carry it a little way," she agreed after an instant's hesitation.

They walked out of the station together. Mike, his own case slung over his shoulder, her basket on his arm, was firmly determined to take her all the way home. Why, he could not have told himself. Only he meant to, and when Mike meant to do a thing he usually did it. The set of his jaw told that. So he began to talk as hard as he could. Then she would forget; he reasoned acutely, that she had said he could only come a little way. She was an interesting yet a puzzling person to talk to. In some ways her outlook seemed extraordinarily limited. She had apparently never even been to London. She knew nothing of social life. Yet she was undoubtedly well educated and took a keen interest in present-day events. Especially the war. She asked him all sorts of questions, and displayed an intimate knowledge of many inside army matters.

"I suppose you've a brother in the Army, or perhaps your father?" he queried at last.

"No." Again her face flushed, as if the question were embarrassing to her.

"Friends, then?" Mike was curious; why, he could not quite have told.

"Yes, I have friends." Her voice was extraordinarily non-committal.

"By the way, I expect you know young Chaloner." He changed the subject, taking pity on her evident reluctance to talk about her own affairs. "He's in my regiment, you know. That's really why I'm going to the Court. He gave me a sort of general invitation to go and see his people any time I was near, so when I heard I was to come down here I wrote and asked the old man if he would put me up. But he'd be about your age—the young one, I mean."

"Yes, I know Ralph Chaloner." There was again a strained note in her voice. She did not meet his eyes. Suddenly she stopped abruptly. "We've come to the cross-roads." Her tone showed obvious relief. "Now you go one way and I the other."

Mike looked round him. He saw four ways stretching in four disconsolate directions.

"Thank you very much for carrying my basket," she went on. She held out her hand for it. Her face was determined.

The young man still clung to it, equally tenacious. "Oh, I'll go a bit farther with you," he said easily. "I've loads of time, and this is far too heavy for you."

To his surprise she looked really distressed. "No, you mustn't." Her voice was sharp, full of nervous tension. Then suddenly it cleared. "Oh, here's the car from the Court." She was looking away to the right, behind his back. "Grace Chaloner is driving. I expect she's come to meet you. You *must* go now. Good-bye, and thank you ever so much." She literally snatched the basket from his hand and turned hurriedly away. She almost started to run.

The young man was still prepared to argue the question. But at that minute the car came up. He heard the brakes put on. It stopped. "I think you must be Captain Kenyon?" said the girl who was driving. Mike was obliged to own he was Captain Kenyon.

"Then will you get in? I am Major Chaloner's daughter. I came to meet you. I am sorry I was late."

Regretfully he was obliged to obey. As the car turned round once more he caught a last glimpse of a figure in a blue jersey trudging manfully in the opposite direction.

He did not even know her name.

CHAPTER II

Mike is Puzzled

STOURTON COURT was a comfortable, old-fashioned house. The Squire, as he was mostly called in the countryside, lived there all the year round. But his only son was away fighting, and his two daughters spent little of their time at home. They considered the Court only as a last resort.

When Michael Kenyon came to Stourton, however, it happened that they were both at home. And they were in no way averse to entertaining him. After dinner, when the old man had fallen asleep over his cigar, Mike amused them with tales of the war's lighter side. But all the time he was wondering how he could bring the conversation round to the subject of the girl in the blue jersey. At last luck favoured him, and Grace Chaloner herself gave him the opportunity he sought.

"By the way, I saw Honor Dalrymple today," she said casually to her sister, while Mike was lighting another cigarette. "You can always tell her miles away by her blue jersey. She must have had it for years."

"Honor Dalrymple," put in the young man quickly. "I wonder if by chance that is the girl I travelled with? She was rather pretty, with hazel eyes, and she certainly

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was wearing a blue jersey—a remarkably vivid blue."

Grace eyed him a trifle maliciously.

"Yes, that must have been Honor," she said. "You have described her very well."

"Well, as a matter of fact, if I hadn't pulled her into the rain—it was at one of those wayside stations—she wouldn't have caught it. And we got talking. Who is she?" he added bluntly.

"Well, as I said just now, her name is Honor Dalrymple, and she lives at the Mere House, right in the marshlands." Grace's voice was non-committal.

"Yes, but who is she? That doesn't tell me anything." He was nothing if not tenacious. "She doesn't live there alone, I suppose?"

"She lives with her father and her step-mother," Susie Chaloner volunteered. "But we never see anything of her—not now," her voice lingered rather curiously over the last words.

The young man began to grow exasperated. "What do you mean?" he asked quickly. "You speak almost as if there was something peculiar about her."

The younger girl reddened and looked uncomfortable. Mike felt savage. He hated shilly-shallying. But suddenly Grace looked him squarely in the eyes.

"I know, Captain Kenyon, that what I am going to say will sound ridiculous to you"—she spoke deliberately—"but the truth is no one ever goes to the Mere House now. There are reasons that I cannot very well explain to you, also it is no affair of mine. If you want to hear more you must ask my father. But after all," her tone altered, "it doesn't matter very much, does it?"



"In a few minutes she was within a foot or two of the bank, had deftly tethered her boat, and stepped ashore"—p. 838.

Drawn
by
S. Abbey.

Mike, in his inmost heart, thought it did matter—that it mattered quite a lot. But he could not very well there and then dash out, rouse the sleeping Squire, and pour questions into his astonished ears. So, for the rest of the evening, he put the vision of a blue jersey and a pair of hazel eyes out of his mind and gave his whole attention to the entertainment of Grace and Susie. He succeeded very well.

The next morning the weather looked better. Mike started out directly after breakfast. By one o'clock he had secured

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accommodation for about a third of his men. He lunched at the village inn before starting out again. But this time he walked briskly along till he came to the cross-roads, then turned sharply off along the road where yesterday he had seen the girl in the blue jersey disappear. He wanted to see her again.

He had made some guarded inquiries in the village, so knew his way. He was to go straight on until he came to "the little old turnin' by the chapel like." At last he did come to a narrow muddy lane, and beside it was undoubtedly what had once been some sort of building. It looked more like a barn than a chapel, but still, he thought, it would serve. The country here was wooded. He could see nothing on either side of him. But, as he trudged along the rutted way, the trees to the left of him grew scantier. Then abruptly they stopped altogether. He found himself facing a considerable stretch of water. And directly opposite to him, some quarter of a mile across, stood the Mere House.

Mike was a practical, twentieth century young soldier. He had no use for superstition. But there was something about the Mere House which brought to his mind all the tales of haunted houses he had ever heard.

It was long and low, dull grey in colour, and with that air of fallen greatness that is so indescribably dismal. The whole place looked utterly lifeless.

Mike stood for an instant hesitating. Haunted house or no haunted house, he refused to be daunted. But the short winter afternoon was drawing in; the way round the mere by road must be very winding. He would have to come back and resume his search some other day. To give it up entirely never entered his head. But, just as he was turning regretfully away, he saw a boat coming across the water. Between the glint of the oars he caught sight of something blue. His heart thumped.

The boat came on. Suddenly he noticed, almost at his feet, an ancient landing stage. Evidently the inhabitants of the Mere House were accustomed to use this shorter mode of transit. He stepped back a little among the trees. Instinctively he felt that if the girl in the blue jersey were to see him she would turn back again.

But she did not see him. She came steadily on. In a few minutes she was within a foot or two of the bank, had deftly tethered her boat, and stepped ashore.

Mike came forward. "I'm awfully sorry to startle you," he began apologetically.

The girl did start. In fact, she almost jumped.

"What do you want?" she asked quickly. "Why did you come here?"

"I came to see you." He had rehearsed

several quite reasonable excuses but, with her eyes looking into his, could make use of none of them.

"But who told you where to come?" Anxiously she shot the question at him.

"Why, Miss Chaloner, of course. She told me your name too. I didn't even know that before."

For some unknown reason the girl looked obviously relieved. "Well, now you have come," she said, smiling for the first time. "I'm afraid you'll have to turn round and walk back to the village with me."

Nothing could have pleased Mike better. As a right he took her basket, this time empty, and they trudged along side by side. Again he found her curiously intelligent and curiously limited in her conversation. But the subject which undoubtedly interested her most was the war. Not so much the actual points of the campaign, but the little trivial things that do interest women whose own menfolk are in the thick of things. There was undoubtedly some soldier, or soldiers, in whom she took a special interest. But, until he could catch the Squire and find out the explanation of the mystery which seemed to surround her, he would not ask any familiar questions.

In no time, so it seemed to Mike, they arrived at the outskirts of the village. Honor, as he had already begun to call her in his own mind, suddenly realised it too. She stood still and once more held out her hand for her basket. "I have to go and see an old woman in Tucker's Lane," she said bluntly; "and her best parlour won't possibly hold three."

"I see." He felt it would be untactful to push his company on her further that day. "But when am I going to see you again?" he asked.

Suddenly the girl turned and faced him. Her hazel eyes were full of an expression he could not understand. It was not aversion, yet she seemed to shrink from him. "Captain Kenyon," she said, "why do you want to see me again? You only saw me for the first time yesterday. You will go away from here in a few days and never see me again. I don't understand."

Mike was an honest young man. He hesitated. "I want to see you again because I do want to. I don't know why," he said at last. "I have thought about nothing else since yesterday." Again he stopped, not knowing how to put the feelings he had hardly recognised himself into words. "I have never wanted to see anyone again so much," he ended suddenly.

But Honor Dalrymple did not, as might have been expected, look pleased. She looked infinitely distressed. "Oh, don't," she burst in quickly. "I don't know whether what you say is true or not. You look truthful, but I believe men aren't always in what they

say to girls." This remark was so naïve that Mike smiled, despite himself. "But you mustn't feel like that, and you mustn't try and see me again. It's not right, and will only make me miserable." The tears came into her eyes. "I hope you will never think of me again," she said, blinking them away. Then hurriedly she snatched her basket from his hand and, without a backward glance, started off down Tucker's Lane.

Mike stood staring after her.

For the second time he felt thwarted, more than thwarted, checkmated.

CHAPTER III

A Country Scandal

IT was dark before Mike reached the Court. After dinner he manoeuvred to stay behind with the Squire in the dining-room instead of joining the two girls immediately in the drawing-room. Soon, with what he privately considered great skill, he managed to bring the conversation round to local affairs. "And aren't there some people called Dalrymple live hereabouts?" he asked casually at last.

The Squire's drowsy eyes brightened. Like many countrymen he loved gossip. "What do you know about Stephen Dalrymple?" he asked curiously. "He's no relation of yours, is he?"

"Oh, no; but I've met his daughter." Mike's answer, albeit strictly true, hardly conveyed the whole truth.

"What, Honor? I didn't know she ever went away. She used to be a nice child enough in the old days when her mother was alive."

"There's a stepmother now, isn't there?"

"So she calls herself."

"What do you mean?"

The Squire sat up. He thoroughly enjoyed retailing this past scandal. "Well, there was a rare tale about it down here six or seven years ago," he began. "Steve Dalrymple was always a queer chap, wrapped up in his books, and used to forget his meals or to wash or go to bed. But he was all right while his wife was alive. Then she died, and soon after he got a woman to housekeep for him. Directly she began to rule the roost—a loud-voiced, vulgar hussy she was—and after a bit she gave out he'd married her. But whether he had or whether he hadn't no one ever knew. Honor was only a child at the time, and no one ever saw Steve. If we went to the house she always said he was too busy to see anyone. So we left off going. As for her—they call her Drummple's vixen hereabouts—some say she drinks, but anyhow her temper is awful, and I believe Steve is scared out of his life

of her. It's his own fault, but it's a pity there's no one to look after Honor."

"Do you mean to say," Mike put in suddenly, "that for that reason, a reason that is no possible fault of her own, people won't have anything to do with the girl? Why, it's monstrous, brutal." He felt indeed it was unthinkable.

"Well, I don't know about that," the Squire went on, quite unmindful of his feelings. "I don't think she'd have much to do with us if we wanted her to. She's proud. She goes about the village, of course, and I fancy she has friends at Mad-dington. But it can't be helped otherwise. No one could let their girls go to the house. Why, the old woman threw a bucket of dirty water over someone once. And there's all sorts of tales go about."

Mike was obliged to own there was a certain amount of reason in what he said. But it only made him more indignant. To think of Honor—Honor with her clear eyes and sensitive face—living in such surroundings. He got up and went abruptly out of the room. He had serious thoughts of going for a tramp to ease his angry mind. But as he walked through the hall he saw Susie Chaloner come rushing from the back of the house. Her face was full of excitement, and she held a telegram in her hand. "Why, what do you think?" she cried, waving it aloft. "Ralph's coming home. He's got leave; his first leave. He'll be here to-morrow."

She flew into the dining-room to break the good news to her father.

As for Mike, he was glad too. He felt it would be a relief to have another man of his own age about the place. It would clear the air somehow.

Ralph Chaloner arrived the next afternoon. Mike saw him first at dinner. There was an air of festival about the house. The young man, with his fair, good-looking face and easy manners, was evidently a general favourite. Even the usually self-contained Grace openly spoilt him. He seemed indeed to take the atmosphere of adulation for granted. Mike, remembering the rather inconspicuous subaltern he had known in France, smiled at the difference. He came to the conclusion that it was a good thing young Ralph Chaloner had joined the army. He must have been in a fair way to being spoilt at home.

After dinner the three men, for the Squire was wakeful enough to-night, went at once into the drawing-room. Ralph sang comic songs, joked, and amused his sisters. But before long he began to yawn—he said he had not had a decent night for weeks—so the two young men went into the smoking-room for a last cigar.

They chatted in the desultory manner in which men do talk. Mike had not meant

to bring the conversation round to Honor Dalrymple, although she had been in his thoughts all day, but a chance remark of Ralph's gave him the opportunity. He felt he would get more sympathy from him than from his sisters.

"By the way," he said rather diffidently, "you were saying you know everybody round here. Do you know a girl called Dalrymple? I met her coming down."

"Honor? Oh, yes." Ralph's tone was casual. "I suppose you've heard about her? She's rather pretty, isn't she?"

"Your father was telling me about her." Mike ignored the last question. "What a rotten shame it is that a girl of her age should be sent to Coventry for what she can't help."

"Oh, I don't think she minds much." Ralph's voice was still light. "And if the Stourton people don't visit at the Mere House she has other friends. I don't think she's lonely."

Despite his casual tone, Mike felt somehow that the younger man was keeping something back. He determined to find out what it was. "I gathered from what she told me," he said suddenly, "that she had friends, some special friend—a man perhaps. Do you know? I have a rather particular reason for wanting to find out."

Ralph Chaloner threw him a shrewd glance. "You seem to have found out a good deal about her already," he said in a different voice. "Well, I can tell you this—confidentially, of course—Honor Dalrymple is engaged to a man who lives somewhere round here. He's away fighting now, I believe. But when he comes home they are to be married. That's all I can tell you about her."

Mike had no wish to hear more. What a blind fool he had been. Of course, that explained the girl's extraordinary interest in the things that concerned the army. She was thinking of the man she loved. And, for the first time, he owned to himself that he loved her. He sat staring into the fire.

Ralph Chaloner yawned and went to bed. He wondered how, out in France, he had always thought Kenyon such an amusing chap.

CHAPTER IV

The Unexpected

BY the next morning Mike had made up his mind. He meant to go back to London that day. He could easily finish his official work in the morning and catch the afternoon train. When he came back to lunch he made the excuse that his morning letters had hastened his return. Ralph and his sisters were out, and he was glad to get out of the house

before they returned. He was thankful to be in the shabby little train puffing away from the land of marshes. He remembered he had said that he hated the sight of flat country. He hated it now, but it might have been as flat as a kitchen plate and he would not have cared, if only he had been carrying away a hopeful heart instead of a sore one.

At Crickley, the junction, he had to wait some minutes. Then, when the London express did come in, it seemed in no hurry to start off again. From his corner seat Mike watched impatiently each straggling passenger. Suddenly he saw two figures he immediately recognised. They were Honor Dalrymple and Ralph Chaloner. They were walking close together, talking earnestly, and, as they came nearer, Mike saw the girl's face was troubled. He leaned back a little in his seat. He did not want them to see him. But they stopped at a carriage a few doors off. Ralph turned the handle. He seemed urging something, while Honor held back. But the train gave a warning whistle. Ralph threw a hurried glance round, then he stepped half inside the carriage and, pulling Honor towards him, kissed her. She drew quickly back, the young man shut the door from the inside, and the train began to move. Honor stood quite still where she was until only the gleam of her blue jersey could be seen in the distance.

Mike sat back in his corner and tried to think things out.

He thought hard for forty minutes. Then the train reached its first stop and he suddenly made up his mind. He picked up his suitcase, jumped out and walked quickly along the platform. As he had expected, Ralph had a carriage to himself. He opened the door and, almost before the other recognised him, was safely inside.

Ralph stared. "Where in the name of fortune did you spring from?" he asked.

His face did not express unmixed pleasure. "Oh, I've been in this train all the time," said Mike easily. "It's more where did you spring from?"

"Me? I had to come up to town on business." Ralph's manner was evasive. He was wondering how much the other knew.

"I saw you at Crickley with Miss Dalrymple."

"Yes, I met her." His tone was sulky. "Now, it's no use spinning me a yarn."

Mike's voice was very firm. "I know you lied to me yesterday," he went on, "and now I'd like to hear the truth. What is there between you and that girl? It's no use pretending there's nothing, because I saw you kiss her."

"Haven't you ever kissed a girl?" the other sneered.

"That's not here nor there. Let's stick

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to the case in point. It's no business of mine, I know, but if you don't tell me—well, I'll make things so unpleasant for you that you'll wish you had."

As a matter of fact, he knew perfectly that there was no particular way in which he could make things unpleasant for his late host's son, but he had judged his man. Ralph gave up the game.

"Well, I don't see either what business it is of yours," he began sulkily; "but if you want to know, there's not much to tell. Before the war I used to be down here a good bit alone with the pater, and Honor was always a decent kid. There wasn't another pretty girl in the place. Then when I joined the O.T.C. I used to come home for week-ends, and she made no end of a fuss of me. Looked on me as a sort of national hero" — he smiled feebly. "Oh, and you know how it is, a chap gets love-making before he knows where he is. Then when I went away, of course, she wrote to me, and I had to answer her letters. But when I came home I made up my mind to drop it, only

I couldn't very well not let her see me at all. So I wrote and fixed up to meet her at Crickley to-day. I got rid of the girls by pretending the War Office had sent for me in a hurry, and I told her I'd take her up to town to a dinner and a theatre. But she wouldn't come. She's a queer kid."

Mike Kenyon's face was grim. "And may I ask what are your ultimate intentions?" he asked, his voice perfectly emotionless.

"Ultimate intentions? What do you mean?" Ralph's face was full of genuine surprise.



"'Father, here's someone, a friend, come to see you,' Mike heard her say"—p. 843.

Drawn by
S. Abbey.

"To put it more plainly then, do you mean to marry her?"

"Marry her? Good Lord, no! Why, the pater would never hear of it, and if he stopped my allowance I've nothing but my pay."

"Does she understand this? She's fond of you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, she's fond enough of me," Ralph smirked unbearably. "And, of course, girls are silly and imagine all sorts of things a chap doesn't mean. But she'll soon get over it. When I get back I shall write

and tell her it can't go on any longer. She won't make a fuss. By the way, you won't say anything to the pater, will you? And, of course, you understand why I told you that guy about the other chap last night. I didn't want you butting in at the minute." While he had been speaking the greater part of his self-confidence had come back, but all the same he did not feel quite sure of Mike. One never knew what a man with a jaw like that might do.

"No, I shan't tell your father," Mike's voice was deliberate. "And I'm getting out here." The train was already running into Brierly station. He knew it stopped there. For the second time he picked up his suitcase and jumped out of it.

Ralph stared after him.

CHAPTER V

The Mere House

TWO days later Mike Kenyon stood once more close by the dilapidated landing-stage opposite the Mere House. In the meantime he had been busy—as busy as ever in his life before. He gazed longingly at the shuttered windows away across the water. He wished with all his heart he could have caught the glint of oars and seen Honor in her blue jersey rowing the old boat from the other side. But there was nothing to be seen, so he set himself resolutely to find his way round to the house. It was easy enough. The mere quickly narrowed, and he soon found himself in a muddy lane skirting its margin. It led straight to the house itself. From its other side it looked more desolate than ever. But one door, evidently that of a scullery or washhouse, stood ajar. He walked up to it and rapped sharply with his cane. In a minute he heard footsteps, and an old woman's head appeared.

"I want to see Miss Dalrymple, please," said Mike firmly.

The woman stared at him. "Miss Honor, ye mean?" she said suspiciously.

Suddenly a loud voice came from somewhere inside the house. "Who's that, Martha?" it said. "Send them off sharp whoever it is. We've no use for tramps here."

"It's someone for Miss Honor," Mike heard the woman answer. He took the opportunity of inserting some part of his big body in the doorway.

There was a flutter of skirts. Another woman, big and red faced, came bursting into the scullery. When she saw Mike, Mike in his uniform, perfectly self-possessed, leaning against the sink, she stopped abruptly.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply.

The young man guessed that, had his appearance been different, he might have been dealt with more roughly.

"To see Miss Dalrymple," he said again.

"What do you want to see her for?"

"Oh, I just want to see her." His tone was easy, but there was a hint of unbending purpose in it.

"Well, Mr. Dalrymple isn't well enough to have visitors here."

"I don't want to see Mr. Dalrymple. I want to see Miss Dalrymple. It's a big house, isn't it? I mean, I can see her without interfering with him."

The woman eyed him viciously. She would have thoroughly enjoyed treating him as she had treated that other visitor, namely, poured a pail of dirty water on his head. But she was afraid.

"Well, if you like to come in," she said at last, in a grudging voice, "I'll fetch Honor."

"Thank you," said Mike imperturbably.

He followed her into another room, dingy and damp-smelling, but with a fire on the hearth and two or three books on the table. He stood fingering them absently until the door opened and Honor came in. Her face was full of trouble.

"Why have you come here?" she asked quickly, without any other greeting. "I asked you not to."

"I've come because I had to," Mike felt intensely sorry for her. "I have come to tell you something it will be painful for you to hear. I saw you the other day at Crickley with Ralph Chaloner."

To his surprise her face cleared.

"I was in the train," he went on. "At the next stopping-place I got into his carriage and made him tell me all about it."

"What did he tell you?" she asked quickly.

"He told me—I'm going to tell you the truth straight out without any shilly-shallying—that he had made love to you, led you to believe he meant to marry you. That's true, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And now, please, don't hate me for saying so, but he doesn't want to marry you any more. He feels it was only a boy and girl attraction, that you are not really suited to each other." As a matter of fact, Ralph's view of the matter had been incredibly more selfish, but he simply could not tell her quite the brutal truth.

"Then why didn't he tell me so himself?" Honor's voice was perfectly calm. He had a sickening dread she did not believe him. He would have to speak more plainly still.

"Look here, Honor"—quite unknowingly he called her Honor—"the straight truth is that Chaloner is weak and a coward. He just made love to you because you are a very attractive girl and there was no one else. But he doesn't mean anything. He is the

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sort of chap who never does mean anything until some determined woman lands him. If I had thought he was any good I should not have come here to-day. It's not a job I care about to tell tales against another man. But you have no one else to look after you, so I came. You may not believe me, but what I have told you is true."

"Yes, I believe you." Her voice was quiet, but it trembled. "Ralph is changeable, I know. And then I'm not like other girls. You've heard, of course, about my father and 'her'?" She glanced in the direction of the closed door.

"Yes, I've heard, and that's partly why I've come, too. Is that woman really your father's wife?"

"No, she's not. He told me so himself." Her voice shook now with passion. "But he's frightened to death of her. She bullies him till he's half silly. I'm not frightened of her"—she drew herself up proudly—"that is, not unless she's very bad. But what can I do? I've no money of my own, and father won't back me up. He's like a child with her."

"When can I see your father alone—when she is out of the way?" asked Mike suddenly.

Honor hesitated. "The only time is in the afternoon, between two and four. She always goes to sleep then. But what will be the good, even if father would see you?" she ended wearily.

"Never mind. I have a plan. I will come this afternoon. Only you must trust me. I honestly think I can make things better for you. Will you trust me, Honor?"

The girl looked at him. There was something about Mike, with his grey eyes, his firm mouth, and the square set of his shoulders, which inspired confidence.

"Yes, I'll trust you," she said, after a little pause. And, as the young man tramped away, having said a polite good morning to "her" in the kitchen, he whistled cheerfully.

Soon after two he was there again, gazing warily at the back windows of the house. In a few minutes Honor appeared at the door. She looked nervous, half afraid, but she beckoned to him. "I've not told father," she said quickly as he joined her. "I don't know how he'll take it." Nevertheless she led the way along a passage to the other end of the house. "He's in there." She pointed to a door.

"Well, just go in and say quietly that a friend has come to see him. I'll follow you before he has time to object." Mike's voice was quite calm. He put his hand on her arm a second to give her confidence.

Honor opened the door. A strong smell of the dust which accumulates in many books was wafted on the air. "Father, here's someone, a friend, come to see you," Mike

heard her say. Quickly he followed her, shutting the door behind him.

The room was full of books. In the midst of them was a very old man. At least, so Mike thought at first, but at his second glance he saw the pallor, the innumerable wrinkles, and the almost painful stoop were due more to lack of fresh air and too much study than actual years. And in Stephen Dalrymple's eyes was that same look, only more pronounced, of nervous dread which he had seen in Honor's.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dalrymple," said Mike easily; "I am very glad to meet you. It is a rare pleasure to meet a real student in these days."

The other's face brightened. Then his sensitive, weak mouth dropped, and he glanced uneasily towards the door.

"She's asleep," put in Honor, answering his unspoken question. "You know she always sleeps all the afternoon."

"And during that time," went on Mike persuasively, "I want you to do me a great honour. I want to take you—I have my car here—to see a small collection of books on which I should like to have your opinion."

Stephen Dalrymple looked doubtfully at his daughter. He was about to speak, when Mike forestalled him.

"There are one or two original manuscripts among them. One, I believe, of Roger Bacon's, only recently unearthed, and an annotated copy of the unpublished sonnets of Marlowe. Come, Mr. Dalrymple, it won't hurt you for once, and I'll see"—his voice carried significance—"that there is no trouble afterwards. Go and fetch your father's things," he added quickly to Honor, seeing the scholar's eyes brighten at the bait held out to him, "and your own."

In a few minutes Honor returned carrying a coat and hat of antiquated make.

Mike helped the old man on, then slipped his hand through his arm. This he knew was the crucial moment. If "she" had suddenly appeared from the upper regions all his plans would have been frustrated. But she did not. Mr. Dalrymple came. In a minute they were outside; a big touring car, driven by a wooden-faced man bearing the imprint "army servant" all over him, appeared from the shrubbery.

In no time they were inside it, and ploughing their way along the muddy lane. It was only when they had safely left the "little old turnin' by the chapel like" behind that Mike heaved a sigh of relief. But he knew the worst was yet to come.

They were bowling swiftly along the road in the opposite direction to Stourton. He leaned forward and gave the driver an order. The man slowed down so that for the three in the back of the car conversation was easy.

Then Mike began to speak.

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"I've something to say before we go any farther," he began, "something to own up to and a favour to ask. The books I spoke of, I am afraid, are nowhere near here. They're down in Devonshire, and they belong to me. I've a house down there, rather a jolly house, and a library. My father was Christopher Kenyon; I dare say you've heard of him," he turned to Mr. Dalrymple. "He was a well-known collector of books in his day. But that library is simply going to wrack and ruin now because there is no one to look after it. I wonder, Mr. Dalrymple, if you would go down and look after it for me. We can run down there to-night. I shall be very grateful if you will."

Stephen Dalrymple looked bewildered. But Honor flushed scarlet. "It's impossible," she said quickly. "How can we accept such a thing from you. You're only suggesting it out of kindness."

"It isn't only kindness," Mike spoke decisively. "It's perfectly true the servants don't look after the place a bit, and I haven't a single near relation of my own to go down there. If you won't pocket your pride for me," he added in a low tone, which only she heard, "you ought to for your father. It will kill him if he lives much longer as he has been living." To be quite honest, Mike did not care particularly what happened to Mr. Dalrymple. As a father, he considered him woefully negligent. But Honor's face softened. "Would you like to go, Father?" she asked gently, leaning towards him.

Stephen Dalrymple hesitated painfully. "I don't know what to say," he began. Evidently the prospect of freedom was good to him. "It would be hardly right to go away like this without—er—giving—er—her any notice. She might come after us. Not that she has any claim on me. I assure you solemnly that I never married her. I may be foolish"—his voice trembled, and for the first time Mike felt sorry for him—"but I am not so foolish as that. If I were assured against further molestation on her part I might consider it."

"If that's all"—Mike heaved a great sigh of relief; the battle had been far easier than he had expected—"you needn't worry about that. I'll tackle her. I'll enjoy doing it."

And he meant what he said.

CHAPTER VI

The Honesty of Honor

AFTER all, Devon is the county. All the others come a very long way behind it. So thought Michael Kenyon as he tramped up the leafy lane which led to Brindles, the house which his grandfather had built on the hill some

eighty years before. It was long and low and yellow, and over its front grew geranium and jasmine, flourishing throughout the mild West Country winter. To the left was the wing which Christopher Kenyon had built to accommodate his library. Mike wondered if he had better search there first for his newly-installed librarian. But, as he was wondering he came upon Honor.

She was sitting under the shelter of the old brick wall. Even in March it was warm and sunny there. For the first time since he had known her she was not wearing the blue jersey. It lay on the seat beside her. She had a book on her knee, but she was not reading. Her eyes were dreamy. She started and flushed when she heard Mike's step.

"Hallo!" he said; "it's jolly finding you here. Now I can rest a bit and tell you all the news."

She made room beside her. Inwardly she was thinking he looked quite as well in grey tweed as khaki.

"Well, it's all right," he went on. "I saw 'her'—I've never yet found out her rightful name—several times. She was nearly frantic when I got there first; gave me the rough side of her tongue until I really didn't wonder your father got unnerved. Once I thought she was going to heave a chair at me. But I let her talk, and then, when she'd finished, I had my say, I told her that, in return for past services, Mr. Dalrymple was willing to allow her a small sum yearly so long as he heard or saw nothing of her. Then she tried the married woman stunt—said he married her six years ago. I told her if she could prove it, well and good, if not she'd be imprisoned for perjury. She believed that. I gave her a week to clear out. In the meantime I brought away your father's books and some things of yours I thought you might want. When we said good-bye she let herself go again." His lips twitched at the recollection. "I've seldom heard a wider vocabulary, even in the army."

Honor looked up at him. "You know," she said in a low tone, "I can't even begin to thank you."

"There's another thing," the young man put in quickly; "I've got to say it, so I may as well say it now. You know I love you, Honor." His voice was quiet, his face almost impassive. "You must know it, and for that reason you found it rather hard to accept this—hospitality, shall we call it?—from me. You think I may expect something in return. Well, I shan't. Don't think I am not going to try and make you love me—not now, but some day when you've forgotten you ever cared for Ralph Chaloner. But it won't now or ever make any difference to your being here. I shan't trade on it. You will always be free, abso-

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lutely free, to do exactly as you choose. I wouldn't have a sort of grateful-for-ever-for-your-kindness affection if you offered it to me. You understand, don't you?"

His voice was still quiet, almost matter of fact. Only Honor noticed that his hand, Mike's firm brown hand, was clenching the back of the seat until the knuckles showed white. "Now let's go and find your father," he said, after a tiny pause.

"No, wait a minute," she suddenly burst in. "You've been honest with me, I must be honest with you. I have forgotten Ralph Chaloner already—forgotten him in the sense that I can't imagine how I could ever have cared for him like that. You'll think me hateful and changeable, I know, but I can't help it. I used to be fond of him. He was a nice boy, and I thought he

wasn't very happy at home. I wasn't either, so we comforted each other. But I don't think I ever really loved him, and if I did it stopped—oh, long ago," she ended rather lamely.

But Mike was not to be put off. "What do you mean, Honor?" he said quickly, all pretence of coolness gone. "When did you stop loving Chaloner? Tell me at once."

Honor's eyes, the hazel eyes he thought the most beautiful in the world, met his steadily. "It began," she said deliberately, "the day I first saw you. Who could love Ralph Chaloner after seeing you?"

Mike stood perfectly still. For an instant his face was blank, almost incredulous. Then he wasted no more time. He took her meaning for that which he longed for it to be. "Honor, my darling," was all he said.



THE PRIZE-WINNING MOTTO



The above is a reproduction of the Motto which was awarded First Prize in our Motto Competition for Wounded Soldiers. It was painted (in colours) by Harold Kemp (discharged disabled), of Boston, Lincs.



Looking Out on the
Fair Lands of Alsace.

Photo:
French Official.

ALSACE, AND WHAT SHE MEANS TO FRANCE

Some Personal Experiences in the Reconquered Land

By MARIE HARRISON

FEW of us have ever dared to imagine England beaten in a great war. It is almost impossible to conceive of a state of affairs in which Germany would be in the position to dictate peace terms, annexing some of our most beautiful and profitable lands—the pleasant fields of Sussex, for example, and the unlovely mine districts of Durham. Yet that is what happened to France when, beaten and helpless after the terrible war of 1870, she was compelled to see two of her fairest provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, torn from her side as the price of peace. If we can picture even faintly what we should feel like if a little bit of England were to become German, we can get some idea of what France felt in 1870, and of what she still feels to-day, after all the years.

The Voice of Alsace

At the time of the Revolution, when a new constitution was framed which is the basis of modern French civilisation, Alsace and Lorraine enthusiastically signed the

National Convention, choosing of their free will to remain French. The most glorious of all battle hymns, "La Marseillaise," was composed by an Alsatian. It was in 1792, after Prussia's declaration of war against France, that the Mayor of Strasbourg asked Rouget de l'Isle to write a patriotic song, and those wonderful words, written by the soldier-poet, were sung in the mayor's parlour next day. It is not to be wondered at then, that the province which was the birthplace of "La Marseillaise" should have remained French long after Germany stole it from France.

The Treaty of Frankfurt

On May 10th, 1871, the Treaty of Frankfurt was signed. Despite the fact that thousands of Alsace-Lorrainers had left their homes rather than submit to German tyranny, despite the fact that the elected representatives of the two provinces had bitterly and solemnly protested against the annexation, Germany carried out her plans, and for forty years and more she has mis-

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governed Alsace and Lorraine, inflicting endless punishments and stupid cruelties on a people who remained persistently French.

A First-hand View

At the invitation of the French Government I made a visit early in the spring to the corner of Alsace which has been won back by the French since the beginning of the war. I wanted to see for myself how much the question mattered not only to the French, but to the Alsatians themselves. Here in England we are most of us vaguely conscious that there is an Alsace-Lorraine problem, but what its significance is few have cared to discover. In the first place, then, I should like to say that France is not fighting to win back these lost provinces for material reasons. There are valuable iron mines and coalfields and potash in Alsace-Lorraine, but during the whole time that I was in France, talking to politicians in Paris and to the people themselves in Alsace, I never heard this aspect of the question discussed. France wanted Alsace and Lorraine long years ago, because Alsace-Lorraine wanted her, and the position has not changed. If France is passionately anxious that the two provinces should once more be entirely French, it is only because the two provinces desire it themselves.

I found ample proofs of this desire in Alsace. The Alsatians to-day are more

French than the French. Although legally German subjects, compelled to obey German laws, the Alsatians of the educated classes have always spoken French in their own homes. Their girls have always been sent to school in France. Their new books came not from Berlin but from Paris. And the boys were educated in Germany simply because they would have been compelled to do two years' instead of one year's military service if they had been sent to school in France or Switzerland or England.

Flags in Hiding

In many houses in Alsace I saw flags of the old French days which had been hidden underground or in false rafters in the roof, kept there secretly during all these years. When Poincaré or Clemenceau visit the little corner of Alsace now again French, these flags are brought out with great rejoicings. One such flag was given by the

Emperor Napoleon III, to the firemen of Massevaux, and it remains in Massevaux to this day, brought out for the first time in forty-five years when the French marched across the old frontier in those splendid days of August, 1914. Relics of the old war, which also were kept hidden, have been brought out to join the souvenirs of the present war. On almost any mantelpiece you may see a fragment of shell which fell in the Franco-German War close to a piece of bomb from a present-day Taube.



An Everyday Scene
in Thann.

Photo :
French Official

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While in Alsace I stayed with an Alsatian lady who had lived in Massevaux since she left her home in Strasbourg as a young girl to marry a manufacturer of the town. Her husband was, of course, liable to service in the German Army, but as soon as war was declared he managed to get out of Alsace and cross the French frontier, where he joined the French Army, in which he is still serving to-day. That kind of thing has happened over and over again since the outbreak of war, and as many as 33,000 men from the two provinces who found themselves serving as conscripts in the German Army at the beginning of the war have deserted rather than fight against France. A certain number of these found their way into neutral countries, and so to France, where they joined the French Army. A certain number have been shot as deserters by

so that he should not have to fire a single shot on the Allied troops. But he was sent to the front line trenches, and it was then that he decided to desert. One misty, dark night he crawled out of his dug-out, and managed to get to the British lines. He explained who he was, and to his great joy he was afterwards allowed to join the French Army, and in September of 1915 he was killed in Champagne, glad to give his life to France.

In a wayside village, close to the foot of that beautiful mountain the Ballon d'Alsace, I talked to the innkeeper's wife, and she told me how her nephew was interned in England as a German subject at the beginning of the war. When the authorities realised that he was an Alsatian, with no love of Germany and a great love of France, he was sent to the French Army, and he is to-day somewhere in France fighting for all that he holds most dear.



Exhibition of Children's Work at St. Amarin.

Photo :
French Official.

Where they do not Speak French

If you were to go to Alsace you might be surprised to find that in certain districts French is not spoken or understood. While French has always been the common tongue of the educated classes, the language of the peasants long before 1870 was a patois which is a curious mixture of French and German. To-day almost all the children speak French, because they have learned it from the soldiers, but in such villages

the Huns, and a very large number have actually left their trenches at the front, and crawled across No Man's Land to the French or British trenches in order to fight for France.

An Alsatian Hero

I met the sister of one such hero. He was a young officer attached to the German forces, and almost directly after war broke out he was sent to France. There had been no chance of escape, and he hoped against hope that he might be kept behind the lines

as Dannemarie, for instance, the peasants would understand neither your French nor your German. This does not mean, however, that they have no affection for France and no desire to return to French rule. Some of our native races in India, not understanding a single word of English, have fought magnificently for us, and are loyal subjects of the King. It is exactly the same in Alsace. Even in those parts where French is not the everyday language, the people are deeply attached to France, and if you ask them if they would care to return to German rule

ALSACE, AND WHAT SHE MEANS TO FRANCE



In Damaged
Thann.

Photo.
French Official.

Life goes on in spite of the war,
and here are children taking
home prizes won at school.

they shake their heads emphatically and say "Never."

Dannemarie is a little village about a mile from the German trenches, and all round about the Germans have launched horrible poisonous gas attacks. If ever there were a few Alsatian peasants indifferent to the Alsace-Lorraine problem, they are not indifferent now. How could they be, when they have seen their dear ones die from the effects of deadly gas sent over in great waves to kill innocent civilians?

It is gas, and gas only, which has power to drive the Alsatians from their homes. They can endure shells and bombs, but gas is a torture that cannot be endured, and while at Dannemarie I saw a pitiful stream of refugees from a near-by village which has been very badly attacked by gas. For nearly four years these people have continued their daily life close to the front, but at last war has become too much for them, and they have had to evacuate their homes.

The Pluck of Thann

Thann was another place where I found the greatest pluck and indifference to the dangers of war. Every house and every building has been shelled. The tall, beautiful

cathedral, from which the valuable stained glass has been removed, has been shelled. There has been a heavy death-roll among the civilians. Yet the people go on as if they were at peace and not at war. I heard shells bursting quite close to the village, but the women who were washing their clothes in the river did not even look up, nor did the children stop their play to wonder where the shells had fallen. No wonder that the Mayor of Thann—a one-armed soldier—is enthusiastic about his people. "Thann is the bravest village on the front," he said, and I think he must be right.

I talked for some time to a nun who is in charge of the schools, and she told me many moving stories of the old days when "La Marseillaise" used to be sung with curtains drawn and doors locked. With all the elaborate cruelty of their race, the Germans in their free educational scheme deliberately excluded French. The Alsatians could learn any other language if they chose, but if they wanted to learn French they had to pay for their lessons, and it was not until the French took Thann in the first months of the war that the poor generally had the opportunity to study the mother tongue. It is hardly

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necessary for me to say, perhaps, that French classes now are crowded with children, while the adult courses are equally popular.

Where Food is Plentiful

The French are doing everything possible to make Alsace prosperous and happy under their rule, and there is no discontent and no poverty or privation in the country. Food is more plentiful there than anywhere in France, and this is only right. People who live daily beneath the shadow of war, not knowing when their homes may be destroyed or their safety threatened, deserve what compensations they can get in the way of food, and so it happened that I tasted all the delicate Alsatian dishes famous long before the war. At one village inn I lunched in amazing fashion for the absurd sum of three francs. There was an excellent soup, an Alsatian pancake made with whipped cream and cheese, tender veal with little peas, delicious *éclairs*, good red wine and coffee. If such a meal can be had in war-time for three francs, I do not suppose that the cost will be greater with the coming of peace, and Alsace ought then to have a flood of tourists such as it never had before the war. New military roads have been made by French soldiers along the mountain sides, giving views of indescribable loveliness. Although these roads are used at present for the transport of troops and ammunition, they are kept in excellent condition, and they will be a revelation and a joy to motorists after the war. The Route Joffre, for instance, which runs between Massevaux and Thann, is one of the most beautiful roads that I know. Although it runs up a steep mountain side, it is so well made that my car took it quite easily and smoothly.

Alsace is a land of tall pine forests, of queer houses with overhanging balconies and white courtyards, of little valley towns, and inns with curious signs. It is largely a land of farmers, but there are some industrial works, and among these are the great linen mills at Wesseling.

I went to this linen factory because I wanted to see how the working men and women regard the Alsace-Lorraine problem. About two thousand workers are, and generally have been, employed at this factory, and one of the overseers, who has been there for more than five-and-twenty

years, told me that among the workers not a single case had occurred of marriage with a German.

"Not only have there been no such marriages," he said, "but there has been absolutely no social intercourse. The Alsations have always been polite to the German officials or *immigrés*, but they have never mixed with them socially. They have kept aloof all these years, living exactly as they would have lived if they had been in an unfriendly alien country."

A striking proof, surely, that young Alsace is as French as old Alsace. And, indeed, I came across many such proofs. For instance, I met while in Alsace the famous Alsatian artist, Zislin, whose caricatures are known in every household in France. Zislin was born at Colmar, and he did not visit France until he was grown up. Yet, educated as he was in Germany, with Germans all round him, the young artist never lost the sense of French nationality given to him by his parents. He detested the Germans, and his clever, subtle skits on their peculiarities brought him into constant conflict with the police. He told me how he had been imprisoned more than once for disloyalty to the German empire. When war came, Zislin went to the Motherland, joined the Army, and has since served, and is still serving, as an officer in Alsace.

Where German Efforts Failed

There is no doubt that Germany's feeble efforts to win the hearts of the Alsations have utterly failed. I believe that such men as Georges Weill, the Socialist, and that broad-minded priest, the Abbé Wetterlé, both of whom were Alsatian deputies to the Reichstag, endeavoured to bring about a better understanding between Germany and Alsace. Perhaps their efforts might one day have been crowned with success; but Germany showed her "*Kultur*" when she marched through Belgium, and these Alsatian deputies flocked to Paris, where all of them are helping France in her hour of need.

So to-day every heart in reconquered Alsace is giving thanks because of the victories France has already won, and there is always the wish and the fervent prayer that one day the whole of Alsace-Lorraine may fly the French flag as she did in those happy years before the annexation.

THE SOUL of SUSAN YELLAM

by
H.A. Vachell

Author of "The Hill," "Quinneys,"
"The Triumph of Tim," etc.



CHAPTER XI

The Unexpected Happens

ALFRED YELLAM enlisted. But only seven out of the eight other young men enlisted with him. To the amazement of Nether-Applewhite, Adam Mucklow, a married man, took the place of the shirker. And this was not under pressure from Uncle, although he tried (and failed) to "touch" old Captain Davenant for another half-sovereign.

Possibly the sight of the effulgent George—a younger brother not held in the highest esteem by Adam—had its effect; possibly, also, Adam had been swept off his large feet by Lionel Pomfret; possibly, again, Hamlin's good seed may have sprouted in somewhat thin soil. Motives must not be analysed too closely.

Susan Yellam and Jane Mucklow said nothing. Susan may have realised that protest would be wasted; Jane, probably, was just as shrewd. Each woman cherished a bitter grievance, hiding it grimly from inquisitive eyes. Each read the heart of the other and still remained silent. Each, however, was proud to be the mother of a valiant son.

Mrs. Yellam never knew that a tremendous decision had been left to Fancy. She took for granted that Fancy felt as she did, and the pale, anxious face of the girl confirmed this conviction. Alfred, you may be sure, made Fancy promise to keep silence concerning what passed in the fox covert. To her dying day let the mother believe that the son had acted "on his own" without consulting another.

Fancy sighed and consented. What did

it matter? What did anything matter now that Alfred was going? During these last few days the spiritual part of her seemed dead. Triumph appeared to have killed it. But her will prevailed over the weakness of the flesh. Alfred must see no more tears. Her smile was the most pathetic memory which he took with him from Nether-Applewhite.

Before "joining up" he gave two presents to the women he loved. To his mother he brought a wire-haired fox terrier, pure white save for one round black spot between the ears and an oval black spot upon the loins. The dog was nine months old and clean thoroughbred, the son of a famous prizewinner. Alfred paid five pounds for him. Mrs. Yellam was profoundly moved; and the dog seemed to acclaim her as mistress at sight, jumping into her ample lap and licking her hand.

"What shall we call him, Mother?" asked Alfred.

Mrs. Yellam studied the dog's lineaments. His eyes sparkled as shrewdly as her own.

"He looks wonnerful wise," she said.

"Wise as Solomon, he be."

"Then we'll call him Solomon."

And it was so. Solomon—soon abbreviated into "Sol"—wagged his short tail approvingly.

To Fancy Alfred presented a bicycle, and with it these words:

"Vicarage is nigh three-quarters of a mile from mother's cottage. I want you to see mother whenever 'tis possible. I know her. She'll keep herself to herself, thinking her

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own thoughts, and they'll be hard thoughts, Fancy. You'll help to soften 'em, dear, won't you?"

"Indeed I will."

"Parson 'll let you off afternoons for an hour, maybe, and the bike 'll make all the difference. I see you nipping down in no time."

"I shall love that, if Mr. Hamlin can spare me."

Alfred laughed gaily.

"I've spoken a word to him. And a kinder gentleman, in spite of his coldish face, I never met. He shook hands with me, and told me you should have a whiff of fresh air."

And thus it was arranged.

To find a responsible, capable fellow to take his place as village carrier, and to drive the precious 'bus, was not so easy of achievement. But this, too, was managed through Mr. Hamlin. Alfred said uneasily:

"I ask you, sir, to keep an eye on William Saint."

"William Saint?"

"He's crafty as any fox, sir, and a rare pusher. Mother fears that he may push himself into my good business."

Hamlin promised to bear this possibility in mind. Then Alfred, with groanings and travailings, delivered himself of the last burden on his mind:

"I'm sore troubled about mother."

Hamlin held his tongue.

"She's taking this hard, but not a word does she say, not one. She thinks, I know, that God Almighty has forsaken her, poor soul. Such a mort o' trouble as she's had, too. My going seems the last straw. 'Twouldn't be so bad if all the young men had gone first."

"I can imagine what she feels, Alfred. This is a time of sore trial to all of us, and perhaps the strongest suffer most. I will do what I can to comfort her, but I can do so little. In all my life I have never felt before how cheap mere words are. Now go your way with a glad heart. Put these anxieties from you hopefully, and so you will do your duty the better. God bless you!"

Alfred duly departed.

Before Lionel returned to France the Squire's ardent desire was granted. He became the happy grandfather of a stout boy, with his sire's blue eyes and clear skin—a ten-pounder!

To celebrate this glorious event the Squire built a shrine and dedicated it to the men of Nether-Applewhite who had answered the call to arms. It took the form of a fountain, with a granite trough for watering horses. Inside the fountain might be found a great slab of white marble, with the names of the young fellows, in order, inscribed upon it in dull gold lettering, a very notable monument, as Uncle observed. It stood below the church,

opposite to the Pomfret Arms, in an open space where roads branched. Folk from far and near came to look at it.

From the recruiting point of view the fountain, as was generally admitted, furnished inspiration, together with pure water, to thirsty souls.

When Lionel went back to France a drab pall of apathy settled again upon the village. Mrs. Yellam spent every morning at Pomfret Court, returning to her cottage after the midday meal, which she helped to serve. Fancy would dash down to see her after five o'clock tea. Within six weeks Alfred appeared in khaki, with forty-eight hours' leave. He had joined an infantry regiment, somewhat to his regret, for he had a leg for a kilt, and remembered the resplendent appearance of "No Account Harry."

"The Highlanders were in my mind, Mother. I'd a notion to enlist with them, but 'twas not to be."

Susan Yellam said reflectively:

"I prefer the Grannyydeer Guards to they Seafarin' 'Ighlanders, Alfie."

"Ah-h-h! I might have gone for a horse-soldier, but when they told me 'twould be my pleasure and duty to keep my horse cleaner than myself, I thought twice about it. 'Tis a hard life, dear, but I feel wonderful strong, with a tremendous stomach for my victuals."

His appearance delighted Fancy.

They were photographed together, arm in crook, travelling to Salisbury as passengers in Alfred's 'bus, which provoked many jests. But when Alfred went back to duty the corners in two hearts seemed even more empty than before.

Meanwhile Tommies had taken the place of Belgians at Pomfret Court, much to the satisfaction of the maids in the village. They were an amazing set of fellows, so the Squire decided; guests after his own heart, always ready to crack a joke, grousing about trifles, simply splendid when they discoursed about the war.

Some of them were impatient to return to the front. They talked pleasantly of the enemy, whom they spoke of generically as "Fritz." The kindest-hearted of the first lot, a little Cockney, bubbling over with fun and high spirits, ever ready to help the "Sisters" in any job that came to the one hand that had not been left in France, gloried in the distinction of having been in a bayonet charge. The Squire, much interested, asked for details, gleefully forthcoming.

"Yer see red, sir. I got after a fat 'Un. Lord lumme! 'e run a fair treat, 'e did. But I stuck him to rights. I lost my 'ead, though. Couldn't see nothink nor nobody except 'im."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey.

"Yer see, sir, we knows what they done to women and children."

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By this time George Mucklow and the first to join were at the front, and every Sunday, during morning service, Mr. Hamlin would stand up before the Litany and read out the names on the Roll of Honour. The congregation, after service, remained quietly in the church till the National Anthem had been sung.

Mrs. Yellam sat alone in her pew, rigidly upright.

At home, alone in the evening, she talked to her dog. Solomon would sit in front of her, staring up into her massive face, with

life neither. I be so wicked that, times, I could lift my hand to kill they who stay behind, guzzling ale, grinning because they think theirselves so clever! I fair wonders that you can love so wicked an old 'ooman as I be."

Solomon, as a last reassuring protest, would curl up and fall asleep. Mrs. Yellam would sit on, staring into the fire, trying to adjust the workings of the Divine Mind with her own perplexed intelligence. Often kindly sleep would come to the rescue, and she would wake with a start to find the fire burnt out and the kitchen cold. But Solomon lay snug and warm against her.

Many persons, besides Mrs. Yellam, were mazed and dazed during these spring days. At Neuve Chapelle our cavalry had their feet in stirrups ready to ride



one ear half-cocked, very alert, very sympathetic.

"You be a wondrousome dog."

Solomon's tail flickered.

"You knows more'n they donkeys as walks on two legs."

Solomon winked.

"You knows what a hard old flint I be, same as I digs up in garden."

Solomon laid a protesting paw upon her knee.

"You knows that I be tried beyond my powers, that I be mazed and dazed beyond what tongue can tell."

Solomon leaped into her lap and attempted to lick her face.

"No, no, Solly; my kissing days be over."

Solomon refused to believe this.

"You knows, too, that my Alfred be going to the wars, and he won't come back. 'Twill kill that pore white-faced li'l maid. But 'twon't kill me. I be too tough, Sol. I be getting tougher. And I get no taste out o'

"Alfred appeared in khaki, with forty-eight hours' leave."

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

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down the enemy, when a thick mist rolled up and balked them of their prey. Jupiter Pluvius seemed to be fighting against us. The appalling earthquake in Italy was joyously affirmed by the Germans to be God's judgment upon an ally who had deserted them. Strikes in the industrial parts, Irish troubles going from bad to worse, seemed to indicate the chastening hand of Omnipotence.

But we had accomplished a mighty miracle.

Five hundred thousand men were in France, and not a life lost during the perilous operations connected with transport.

And then came the crushing disaster of the *Lusitania*. A wave of horror and rage swept over the country. Till now Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate" had aroused ridicule, not resentment, amongst English-speaking peoples. The Belgian atrocities, known in all their horror to very few, had been accepted as the handiwork of brutes driven mad by drink and blood-lust, not as the systematic, inspired doctrine of Frightfulness. But when all Germany rose up to justify the slaughter of helpless women and children, when streets were beflagged, medals struck, and the schools held holiday, the nation began at last to grasp the truth. Might meant to stick at nothing.

Recruiting in the rural districts received a sharp stimulus.

Fancy, lying awake at night, shed many tears, but none before Mrs. Yellam. The pair, so strangely different, got on well together, because, so Susan said, the girl was not a chatterbox. Often they would meet and part without exchanging more than a dozen words. Fancy would help with the work, the never-ending cleaning and sweeping, or take some sewing and sit by the kitchen fire in silence.

These quiet ways endeared her more and more to Alfred's mother, and occasionally, very seldom, Fancy would be vouchsafed a glimpse of an indurated heart. She had noticed that Mrs. Yellam avoided any direct reference to the Deity, Whose name before the war had been so often on her lips, the personal God, Whose guiding finger, even in trivial domestic affairs, could be so plainly seen. One day, on the eve of Alfred's departure for France, Fancy said nervously:

"God will be with Alfred."

Mrs. Yellam said quickly:

"He be wi' the Kayser, too, seemin'ly."

Instantly she closed her lips, as if fearful that more might leak from them. Fancy remained discreetly silent. She comforted herself with this reflection: Faith in works sustained this unhappy old woman. She laboured abundantly for others at Pomfret Court, and tended her garden diligently, so that she might have fruit and flowers and vegetables to bestow upon poorer neighbours. In church her responses were clear and regular, her deportment irreproachable; but she never dis-

cussed the sermon, once a favourite mental exercise, and Fancy came to the conclusion that she no longer listened to it, too much obsessed by her own perplexities.

About this time Nether-Applewhite was electrified out of its apathy by an extraordinary event, something so unexpected that Hamlin himself, who had foreshadowed such a remote possibility in his sermon on patriotism, began to wonder if he had been inspired.

George Mucklow won the Victoria Cross!

This heavy, stolid young man, who shut both eyes when his shins were imperilled by a cricket-ball, who was "afear'd wi' maids," who had been driven to the colours before the toe of a thick boot, performed one of those deeds that thrill an Empire. Fortunately for him, the tremendous opportunity of which Hamlin had spoken came at a moment when Authority was looking on and able to record what took place. George confessed afterwards that at the time he didn't know what he did, or how he did it. Out of some subconscious zone surged the irresistible impulse blindly obeyed. A shell fell in the trenches at a moment when the officer on duty was making his rounds. Not an "Archie" or a "Black Maria," but something smaller than a football. Dozens of men were close to it. George darted past the officer and hurled himself upon it.

It didn't explode!

Within a week George's photograph was given pride of place in half a dozen newspapers. And then the supreme decoration was conferred. He returned home on leave; the King pinned to his tunic the bronze cross; Jane Mucklow and Uncle witnessed the ceremony; George came back to Nether-Applewhite with his parents, and was the hero of another function, when Sir Geoffrey Pomfret presented him with a gold watch and chain, a tribute from the Squire of the parish, and a well-lined purse, the gift of the parishioners.

The effect on Uncle may be imagined. For ever after he associated himself with George as owning an undivided half interest in the cross, and in describing the glorious deed he assumed the royal plural, and with it some of the attributes of a monarch.

"Us was standing at attention," he would say, "as I be standing now, when the ol' thing falls slam-bang in front of we. Neighbour, 'twas a moment as won't bear thinking on. Many souls all unfit for Kingdom Come. What does we do? We falls atop o' that there cannon-ball—'twas big enough to blow a thousand fellers to glory—and hugs it to our buzzums. 'Tain't a thing to brag about, but us was in the newspapers, and—and, well, you knows the end on't—Buckingham Palls! And, believe me or not, neighbour, but this be seber truth. Me and King Garge was hobnobbing together for the space of one mortal minute, just so friendly and kind as true

THE SOUL OF SUSAN YELLAM

brothers. I nodded to 'un, as I noda to you, and, by Jo! he noda back to me."

Jane Mucklow had believed that George would perish in his first action. He had come triumphantly through half a dozen. And to-day he wore the proudest decoration that England's King can bestow. At a bound she became an impassioned optimist. She discerned clearly the hand of Providence. King George was beheld as the Lord's anointed. Queen Mary towered higher than he as the sacrosanct Mother. Mrs. Mucklow had her tale to tell, and told it with Uncle's unction and satisfaction.

"Queen Mary looked at my Garge as if 'twas her own dear son. Yes, she did. And then she smiles sweetly at me. I tell 'ee this—Queen Mary was just so proud o' my Garge as I be. A good, kind 'ooman! I allows that, now and again, I ha' raised my blasphemous voice against they crowned heads, believing in my everyday way that they were golden crowns when we pore folks was a-wearing made-over bonnets. Such wicked thoughts be clean gone from me. I be fair aching to sing 'God save the Queen' next Sunday mornin'."

A neighbour remarked timidly:

"Lard bless 'ee, Jane Mucklow, we sings 'God save the King.'"

Jane answered solemnly:

"You sings what you please. I began my life singing 'God save the Queen,' and I means to sing it again next Sunday."

But the glory that encompassed her nephew's thick head as with a halo flickered like a farthing dip in the mind of Susan Yellam. Her poor heart was lacerated by envy and jealousy. If George were indeed chosen by Providence to wear the Victoria Cross, what decoration would He award to her Alfred? The Press had laid emphasis upon George being amongst the first to volunteer. If Queen Mary knew the whole truth, would she have smiled sweetly at George's mother? Not she!

She laid the matter before Solomon that same night, after the memorable function which took place at the Shrine.

"Solly, my soul be in sore trouble."

Solomon considered this attentively.

"Yes, my dog, I be setting in the seat o' the scornful. I be weary o' my groanings. I ha' conceived sorrow and brought forth ungodliness."

Solomon whined.

"Why be this change come upon me, Solly?"

"Tis written: Upon the ungodly He shall rain fire and brimstone, storm and tempest. But to-day, seemingly, that be the lot o' the godly and the fatherless. To the ungodly be given Victoria Crosses."

Solomon sat up and begged his mistress to be silent.

She concluded sorrowfully:

"I be cast down, and they that trouble me will rejoice at it."

Solomon leapt into her lap and thrust his nice cold nose against her cheek.

Hamlin visited her from time to time, but as friend, not priest. Wisely he bided his time to speak, wondering when the right moment would come. She received him respectfully, answered his questions, inquired after Mr. Edward, who had just received his Sam Browne belt, and then relapsed into exasperating silence.

Meanwhile Mr. William Saint had not neglected his opportunities. The man chosen by Hamlin and Alfred to "carry on" during Alfred's absence was sober and honest, but a poor talker. Saint bought a motor-bus in May, which he used first to take passengers to and from the railway station, some four miles distant. At the same time he made arrangements to entertain summer guests, renting a small house with a garden overlooking the Avon, which served as an annexe for middle-class trippers, elderly spinsters who drew in water-colours, officers' wives with children, and professional men seeking a little cheap fishing. Saint drove the 'bus himself, engaging a good-looking young woman to take his place in the bar. Now and again he made expeditions to Salisbury, filling his 'bus with strangers who wished to see the cathedral. Before June was out he started a bi-weekly trip. In July he began carrying parcels.

Hamlin, accordingly, said a word to the Squire. But what could be done? The Squire and he stuck faithfully to the regular carrier. Others consulted their own convenience. Mrs. Yellam told Fancy that Alfred's business was steadily diminishing in volume.

"Have you told Alfred?" asked Fancy.

"No. And don't 'ee tell him, neither."

"Not me. Anyways, so long as dear Alfred be safe and well I shan't worry about money matters."

Mrs. Yellam said tartly:

"Folks wi' no money to lose can allers sleep sound at nights." Then, realising that she had slapped an innocent cheek, she added in a pleasanter voice: "If Alfred keep safe and well he'll downscramble this raskil so soon as he be homealong."

Fancy kissed her.

"He will be homealong soon," she whispered.

"How do 'ee know? You ain't got a letter saying so?"

"N-n-no."

Mrs. Yellam's voice became testy again.

"Then how do 'ee know?"

Fancy hesitated, blushing. But Mrs. Yellam pressed her point. Finally the girl made confession. When Alfred went to France she had consulted the cards.

Mrs. Yellam exploded. What ridiculous notions young maids got, to be sure! Cards, indeed! Very scornfully she informed Fancy

of the existence of a so-called wise woman, half gipsy, who lived in a tumble-down cottage at Ocknell.

"You go and see that old grammer. 'Twill cost 'ee sixpence. For a shillin' she'll tell 'ee a fine fortin, marry 'ee to a young lord, and make 'ee the mother o' nine children. I ha' no patience wi' such tricks."

Fancy said humbly:

"Alfred thinks it foolishness, just as you do, but—"

"Well?"

"The lady in Salisbury, as taught me, did say that I should marry a soldier. Alfred laughed at that, till—till he became one."

"You bain't married to a soldier yet."

"No. That's true."

Fancy sighed. Mrs. Yellam went on with some knitting. Suddenly she said sharply:

"What did they cards say?"

Fancy smiled faintly.

"They said that Alfred would come back—soon."

Mrs. Yellam knitted on. After a long pause she pronounced a verdict.

"I bain't one to talk about what I don't understand. If so be as Alfred comes back soon, and if he marries 'ee, I may own up that cards do tell truth sometimes."

CHAPTER XII

The Empty Pew

AFTER her Alfred went to the front Mrs. Yellam's interest in the Tommies who had been "over the top" became more acute. She listened to everything said, regardless of a timely caution from Lionel Pomfret, who, before he rejoined his battalion, warned her that Mr. Atkins, with all his glorious qualities, was not too scrupulous a respecter of the truth. When the wounded men fell to talking amongst themselves, or before sympathetic females, the hypercritical might have noted a valiant determination on the part of each speaker to go "one better" than his predecessor. And the essential fact that these boys, most of them under twenty-five years of age, laughed at and chaffed each other when relating horrors, merely piled Pelion upon Ossa in the mind of Mrs. Yellam. It seemed to her—and to how many more mothers—that none could escape death or mutilation. One man was dumb from shell-shock. A "Black Maria" had buried him and ten others. He alone survived, unable to tell in speech what he had undergone. Mrs. Yellam paid this man particular attention, because her imagination was lively enough to realise what loss of speech would mean to herself. She told Jane Mucklow, with portentous shakings of the head, that the poor lad had lost his tongue for evermore. What else could be expected? Jane, now in happier

mood, remarked sententiously that miracles still happened. Mrs. Yellam smiled grimly, wondering whether Jane was thinking of what George had done and accounted that achievement a miracle. And Jane could afford to take a rosy view of life, inasmuch as Adam was still in England, and George, with a view to stimulating recruiting, had been given a snug billet at the dépôt of his regiment. All the credit due to George had by this time been assumed by Uncle. He not only took part, as has been said, in the heart-thrilling exploit, but assured everybody that the valour of his son had been begotten in him by a sire known far and wide to be without fear, the Bayard of the countryside! Jane accepted this hypothesis with creditable derision. She would say in reply to strangers avid for details: "Do 'ee talk to Garge's father. *He was there!* Garge be his father's son from stem to stern. My boy'd ha' behaved hisself very different. He'd ha' crawled down a rabbit-hole, he would, so be as one were handy." Some strangers, pleased with this whimsical exposition, pressed money into Jane's hand, which she accepted with a humble and grateful heart, adding even more slyly: "Thank 'ee very kindly. Money be scarce wi' us since my dear husband's son won the Victoria Cross, because the father o' such a notable hero has to drink his brave son's health so many times a day."

One memorable night, when most of the Tommies were asleep in the saloon, the dumb man burst into excited speech, and talked for about two hours, to the delight of seventeen comrades. When Mrs. Yellam heard the wonderful news next morning she was immensely comforted. That afternoon Fancy noticed a change in her, and was emboldened to strike iron when it happened to be hot.

"Miracles do happen," she affirmed, with an odd expression upon her pale little face.

Mrs. Yellam passed no remark on this. In her opinion, formulated long before the war, miracles had been wrought long ago in the misty, prehistoric times of the Apostles, and not since. Fancy continued nervously:

"A miracle happened to me."

"What do you say, child? A miracle happened to—you?"

Fancy nodded. As a little girl, during her school days, she had told her tale many times, with the abominable conviction that it failed to convince, although it might excite astonishment and sympathy. When she grew older and more reserved she ceased to tell it, wincing from incredulity. She hated to tell it to this austere old woman, whose tongue could be so sharp, but impulse conquered apprehension.

"I was four years old at the time, and I was playing in the street, just opposite to our house, with some other children. A great dog came rushing down on us, snapping right and left. Folks said afterwards he was mad, but I don't know. Someway he was killed,



" ' Queeny Mary looked at my Garge as if 'twas
her own dear son,' said Mrs. Mucklow "—p. 855.

Drawn by
Harold Cosleg.

THE QUIVER

so father told me, before that was made certain—killed and buried."

"A mad dog! My!"

"The other children ran away. I—I didn't."

"Why ever not?"

"I couldn't. I stood still, all of a dreadful tremble. And he came bang at me."

"What a fearsome tale! You pore li'l maid!"

Up to this point of the narrative Fancy had generally received just such sympathy, particularly when telling the story to mothers. She paused, her cheeks flushed; but her large eyes rested tranquilly upon the eyes of Susan Yellam.

"Well, dear, go on."

"When the dog was quite close I saw mother."

Mrs. Yellam gasped.

"You saw your mother, who was dead!"

"I never think of mother as dead. Yes, I saw mother standing between me and the dog. She never looked at me; she looked at the dog. And the dog saw her."

"I never heard such a tale in all my life."

"The dog saw her. He stopped of a sudden, turned, and went back, howling. And I howled too. Mother turned as the dog turned, and gave me one beautiful look. Then she went."

Mrs. Yellam grasped the arms of her chair, still staring into Fancy's artless face. But no outburst of incredulity escaped from her, as Fancy had feared it would. Her logical mind grappled with the facts as presented. She said, after a long pause:

"You thought you saw her."

"No. I did see her—plain as plain."

"But, Fancy dear, seeing as she died afore you was born, how did 'ee know 'twas she?"

"I'd seen mother ever so often before."

"When and how?"

After some hesitation Fancy narrated, with many details, her psychic experiences, not only with her mother, but with the four Evangelists. The girl's mordant anxiety that the astounding tale should be believed bit deep into the elder woman's heart. To Fancy's delight no incredulity was expressed, and Mrs. Yellam's face remained calm and kind. Solomon listened also, with singular alertness and an eager intelligence which to Fancy indicated full belief. Indeed, Solomon seemed to be saying to himself: "Yes, yes, we know about that. We see things every day that would astonish all of you if we were allowed to talk about them." And in the middle of the story the dog, that never showed any affection for others in the presence of his mistress, leapt suddenly into Fancy's lap and remained there. Long afterwards, Mrs. Yellam admitted that this mark of confidence upon Sol's part had impressed her. Inwardly she explained things quite to her satisfaction. She beheld Fancy as a four-year-old, a tiny

mite, all eyes, physically weak, the victim of a perverid imagination. Her own little girl, Lizzie, physically robust, would invent somewhat similar stories about tramps and sweeps quite as apocryphal as these tales of communings with Matthew and Mark. She remembered smacking Lizzie, and telling her that she was a little liar. No doubt Fancy's father, rather a weakling, had encouraged the mite. Since Alfred's engagement Mrs. Yellam had met Mr. Broomfield, and summed him up trenchantly as half a man.

However, she kept such thoughts to herself, saying quietly:

"You be a strange girl, Fancy, but you speaks what you believes to be sober truth, and I love 'ee."

Fancy had to be satisfied with this.

The first year of the war came to an end.

So far, Nether-Appelwhite had been fortunate. None of the young men had been killed; none had been seriously wounded. And it was generally held that "Fritz" couldn't stick another winter. Alfred became a sergeant. Mrs. Yellam appeared in her pew next Sunday, wearing a new bonnet. But, coming out of church, she met William Saint, and cut him dead. She now thought of him habitually as a "Prooshian," out for world-domination. When her Alfred returned from the wars he would smash William Saint. The triumph of such a "sneak" must be short-lived. Like the Kayser, he had sold himself, body and soul, to Satan. Satan would claim his own in God Almighty's good time. Renewed belief in a Personal Deity had crept back into a heart less indurated. But He remained there, so to speak, on sufferance. At any moment He might be driven out as before. Omnipotence, so Mrs. Yellam argued during many vigils, could not be reasonably regarded as such if Satan triumphed unduly. It is to be feared that a daily motor-bus service to Salisbury and back under the auspices of William Saint would have been regarded as a Satanic triumph. But such a service, as yet, had not been inaugurated.

Alfred wrote home once a week, alternately to Fancy and his mother. The life agreed with him. Obviously he accepted rough and smooth philosophically, regarding himself as a part of a vast machine that would "ram-page" on with or without him. Although he was careful to keep from his mother and Fancy the horrors which they heard from the wounded soldiers, now and again some careless phrase would reveal illuminatingly everything that the good fellow wished to suppress.

"You enjoy your food as never was," he wrote, "when you know that any square meal may be the last. A chum of mine got it yesterday. And he was smoking a Woodbine I gave him. The man next him, as told me all about it, finished the Woodbine. I couldn't help laughing."

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The Squire was busy with his bailiff, fattening bullocks and, generally speaking, trying to increase his flocks and herds. In this task he found an enthusiastic partner in Fishpingle, who possessed two obsessing interests—love of the land and love of the Pomfrets. Nobody, except the Squire and Lady Pomfret, knew that this quiet, handsome old man, so distinguished in appearance and so choice in his use of words, might have been lord of the manor, had he marched into life along the broad highway which leads from the altar.

Fate ordained otherwise. Fishpingle had been constrained to stroll placidly along a by-path. He hoped that he would so walk till the end.

His point of view was characteristic. Of the more complex designs of Providence, which such men as Hamlin were seeking to elucidate, Fishpingle took no cognisance. He admitted gravely that they lay beyond his vision. But he was quite certain that the land, the backbone of England, must and would receive the attention which before the war had been so unwisely withheld. He had always wanted to see his country independent of necessary supplies—wheat, cattle, sheep and hogs—imported from other countries. Upon that peg he had hung his philosophy. And now, towards the close of his days, he believed that what he had prayed for might come to pass. To that end he was prepared to consecrate such energies as were left to him. Incidentally, his enthusiasm served to wean Sir Geoffrey's mind from acrimonious criticism of politicians. To provide in the present means that might fill the inexorable demand of the future absorbed the thoughts of Squire and bailiff.

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"Mother!"

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"What be you callin' me?"

Fancy knelt beside her, stroking her rough hand.

"I called you 'mother.' Do you mind?"

"No, no; but I bain't worthy to be your mother. If Master Lionel be taken, Alferd 'll go too. I can't bring myself to look at my lady. I can't look pa'son square i' the face, neither. I reads the Bible, Fancy, and the holy words do seem to mock me. I ain't been near those two pore souls as ha' lost their boys. For why? I ain't got no comfort for 'em."

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"Yes; that be true, it came back. Forgi' me, child, for shovin' my wickedness on your li'l' shoulders."

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"When I be alone, evenings, I talks to Solly."

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THE QUIVER

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Fancy looked round.

"Where is the naughty dog?"

"Ah-h-h! He be courtin' some four-legged hussy. I knows 'un. Last night he come in after bed-time, so pleased as Punch. There be original sin in animals, as there be in us. And, feeling as I does, 'tis easy to forgive Solly his trespasses. Now you knows nearly everything."

As the days succeeded each other slightly better news came from France about Lionel Pomfret. At the end of the month the Squire brought him home. He lay upon his back; pain had become intermittent instead of constant. A great specialist said that he might, in time, recover the use of his lower limbs. Not a complaint leaked from his lips. Susan Yellam accepted this partial recovery from what had been deemed a lethal wound as a sign vouchsafed to her. Jealousy, however, was kindled by the professional nurse, who kept from her patient an old friend lavish with bull's-eyes in happier days, and doubly anxious on that account to minister faithfully to him in the unhappy present.

London was visited by Zeppelins. Nether-Applewhite would have accepted this fresh proof of Hun "frightfulness" with more Christian resignation if one of the villagers had not happened to be present during the October raid which caused such destruction in London. Uncle heard the tale at first hand, and repeated it everywhere. Martin Mowland, the bricklayer, had travelled to London to see his son, who was lying, desperately wounded, in a hospital. According to Martin the Zeppelin had hovered just above his head, about tree-high. Then bombs had fallen with terrifying explosions. Uncle supplied supplementary detail to his own audience at the Sir John Barleycorn.

"I says to Martin: 'What did 'ee do, old friend?' And he says to me: 'Uncle,' he says, 'I thought my hour was come, but I legs it away so fast as I can to my lodgings. . . .'"

At this point Uncle, being an accomplished raconteur, would pause. Then he would add impressively:

"Neighbours, I don't blame 'un, although, speaking for myself, I knows that I should ha' stood still, onless, maybe, I'd seen some nice li'l alehouse handy. Well, Martin, he legs it homealong so fast as if a hornet's nest were tied to his starn-sheets, and presently he pulls up like to catch his breath. And then he takes a squint upwards. Dash me, 'tis hard to believe some true stories. But Martin Mowland do take his oath to this. He'd run the most of a mile, giving tongue, too, I'll warrant. And when he looks up, as

I be a Christian man, that there Zep. had follered he, and was slam-bang over his head."

"Lard preserve us! Whatever did 'un do?" Uncle solemnly put the finishing touch to the narrative.

"What did Martin do? He stands stone-still and puts up his old umbrella."

Many persons in the village believe to this day that Martin Mowland saved his life by putting up his ancient umbrella. Unquestionably Providence had stretched forth a hand to preserve a worthy man who, as bricklayer, could ill be spared.

During November, it will be remembered, conscription was admitted to be inevitable, and shirkers were adjured to join up before they were "fetched." Many did so. Near Salisbury was established a vast camp of Canadians, jolly fellows who swung, route marching, through Nether-Applewhite, winking gaily at the girls, and setting an inspiring example to the young men still clinging to the soil.

Susan Yellam, spectacles upon nose, read all articles in her paper which dealt drastically with recalcitrants.

Would they take William Saint?

This question obsessed her. William was single and of military age. But his usefulness in the village could not be gainsaid, even by Captain Davenant. Of late William had begun to cough, particularly in his sanded bar parlour, or when he happened to be talking to Squire or parson. His yellow gills confirmed the general opinion that he enjoyed poor health. Susan Yellam maintained that William was malingering, and deserved such obloquy as descended upon the empty head of Ezekiel Busketts, the brother of the sometime "odd man" at Pomfret Court. Ezekiel, presenting himself for examination before a medical board, had provided himself with an ancient truss, once the property of a deceased father. Unfortunately, he adjusted the truss so improperly that detection and ridicule fell upon him. Uncle, being distantly of kin to Ezekiel, covered his retreat with no harsher comment than this:

"'Twas a very sad mishap."

Susan—to return to William Saint—asked for a "sign," which, if unfavourable, might be taken to indicate how deeply she had incurred Divine displeasure. Some people, with greater advantages than Mrs. Yellam, believe devoutly in signs. Lionel Pomfret's slow recovery had been thankfully accepted by Susan as a sign that Satan was not having it all his own way in Nether-Applewhite. If William Saint was removed from the scene of his time-serving activities, Mrs. Yellam felt that a signal victory over the powers of evil would have been achieved. Such a victory, in a true religious sense, would re-tighten the spiritual fibres that before the war had bound her

THE SOUL OF SUSAN YELLAM

closely to Omnipotence. Nay, more. She dared to presume that if William went her Alfred would return and pick up the scattered parcels of his good business as of yore.

She confided all this to Solomon, but not to Fanny.

Uncle furthered her wishes without any "mumbudgetting" between brother and sister. He disliked Saint, because his ale was watered. But he liked to meet his cronies at the Sir John Barleycorn. Being a brave, candid fellow, with a half interest in the V.C., he told Saint to his face what he thought of the ale.

"I likes my ale, and I bain't ashamed on't. I see eye to eye wi' this yere Horatio Bottomley about they pumpuritans, which I make bold to say includes milkmen"—Saint sold milk—"so well as publicans. Me and Bottomley do think just alike about knaves, hypocrites, and they as grinds the face o' the pore. Much o' what I read in 'Johnny Bull' might ha' been written by me. I comes back to my tankard o' ale."

"You allers do, Uncle."

"What I likes about my first tankard be this. If 'tis good ale, such as used to be set afore a man, I drinks it wi' a grateful heart, a-smack-in' my lips over the tankard to foller. If 'tis wishwash, I nourishes most on-Christian feelin's and loses my thirst."

William Saint would reply imperturbably:

"For a patriotic man, you surprise me, Uncle. The ale is not what it was because good barley is needed for better purposes."

"I knows nothing about that."

"A man with your great knowledge of everything ought to know."

Uncle marked the irony and resented it. In argument, as he well knew, Saint was too much for him. He began to study the publican and his hollow cough. He noted his manoeuvres—the tiny bit of land ploughed up, the buying of horses for remount agents, the sale of forage to the same interested parties, who might be trusted to speak up, when conscription came, for an indispensable and in-

defatigable subject of the King. Uncle passed some not disagreeable moments speculating concerning the fouling of a well-lined nest.

As the season of peace and goodwill approached, Lionel Pomfret was just able to hobble the length of the terrace with the assistance of a pair of crutches. His campaigning days were over. It was doubtful whether he would be seen again in the hunting-field. But high spirits remained inalienably his.



"'Miracles do happen,' she affirmed, with an odd expression upon her pale little face"—p. 856.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

He plunged with renewed ardour into schemes for the more intensive culture of a thin soil, and displayed remarkable aptitude, fortified with hard grinding, at textbooks. Hamlin spent many hours with him. In Lionel he seemed to see a type, the son of an ancient house, born with the silver spoon in his mouth, cradled in ease and luxury, popped on a pony to ride through life as soon as he was short-coated, sent to a great public school, not to acquire learning, but manners and skill at games, pitchforked later into a famous regiment, with a handsome allowance, not to study the stern arts of war, but to hold his own at polo and pig-sticking.

Hamlin had deplored such upbringing. But the results confounded him, forcing him once again to thrust carefully considered judgments into the melting-pot. The fact bristled in

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front of him that Lionel, and thousands like him, had "made good" against all odds, vindicating an education which consistently disdained efficiency except at games and sport. What a gulf yawned between Prussian and English officers! The Prussians had scrapped everything to attain efficiency. They had got it. And what an atrocious use had been made of it! But their efficiency had constrained young men like Lionel to an efficiency greater, because the inspiration of a fine cause lay behind it. That must be the keystone of any arch-inspiration. Whether for good or evil, it fired men to supreme endeavour.

Out of Hamlin's four sons, three were now in the Army. Teddy, however, was the only one in France. The eldest son, in Orders, was still at Cambridge; the second, after passing through the O.T.C., had sailed for Salonika; the third had enlisted as an artilleryman.

Christmas, therefore, seemed likely to be happy, if not merry.

Upon Christmas Eve Mrs. Yellam heard officially that Alfred was wounded.

Upon Christmas Day, at morning service, her pew was empty.

CHAPTER XIII

Fancy Consults the Cards

ON the following Sunday Mrs. Yellam's pew was empty again, conspicuously so, in the eyes of Hamlin. After luncheon he said to Fancy:

"Is Mrs. Yellam ill?"

"No, sir."

Hamlin guessed what had happened.

"No news is good news, Fancy."

"That's what the men say, sir. It ain't a mort of comfort to us women."

She looked very white, with dark, heavy lines beneath her eyes. Hamlin said a few encouraging words, to which she listened attentively, nodding her head. Hamlin felt reassured. Fancy was unhappy, but she didn't despair. Before she left the study she said slowly:

"I believe as Alfred will come back."

To the solicitude and sympathy of neighbours Mrs. Yellam exhibited a frigid indifference.

"I be just as well as never was," she remarked, when they inquired after her own health. "Time enough for such as me to fall sick if my Alfred don't come back."

No further news had reached her. To Jane Mucklow, now the village optimist, with George at home on leave for Christmas, Mrs. Yellam spoke with some bitterness. Jane meant well; her sympathy was sincere; but how could she, so high in Divine favour, understand? Nothing could shake Susan's conviction that Alfred lay somewhere in France, mortally wounded, whilst William

Saint, the hypocrite and rascal, knelt among the Communicants. To kneel with him, feeling as she did, would be, in her opinion, an act of sacrilege. She reflected miserably that, since confirmation, she had never missed a Christmas celebration of the Eucharist.

On the Monday Hamlin came to visit her as parish priest. He had carefully considered what he should say. The faith that burned within this strong man had been a plant of slow growth, watered by suffering, pruned by constant self-analysis, and yet, in its essence, the faith of a child, a faith independent of dogma, soaring high above technicalities, resting securely upon a belief in ultimate good. He could not disguise from himself that the Churches—all of them—had crippled expectation. There had been no renaissance, no uplifting movement, no real enthusiasm. Political considerations and expediencies kept the Vatican silent when a voice, thundering as from Sinai, might have awakened millions to a realisation of the issues at stake. The Church of England and the Nonconformists remained almost as stagnant, content, for the most part, with the well-oiled grooves, waiting for and watching temporal power, unable or unwilling to take the lead, to speak definitely, to act decisively. With rare exceptions, the gospel of Love had not been authoritatively used to vanquish the gospel of Hate. Hamlin—need it be said?—was no sentimentalist. He believed with Woodrow Wilson that Prussian militarism must be wiped out. He did not believe with Wilson that the German nation as a whole could be exonerated from blame. Available evidence justified a different conclusion. Lust for world-dominion, regardless of consequence, animated and fortified the Central Powers because popular opinion lay behind them, unanimous save for a negligible minority. Non-resistance to a catastrophic policy of aggression, so potent, so meticulously organised, threatened not only Christianity but civilisation. To turn the cheek to these smiting Huns was an unthinkable proposition to Hamlin. Nor could he find in the New Testament any injunction of the Master which could be twisted into a golden rule to be applied to States and nationalities. Christ dealt with individuals, preaching and practising the power of love as between man and man, not as between man and mankind. No text that Hamlin could find would justify forbearance towards a nation determined to inflict "*Schrecklichkeit*" upon the human race. On this point his mind was perfectly clear.

It was not yet, however, so clear upon issues still to be determined, such as "after the war" problems. He could not measure the stride about to be taken, provided militarism was crushed. He wondered constantly, with ever-increasing apprehension, whether love would triumph in the end, as he prayed that

THE SOUL OF SUSAN YELLAM

it might, creating a new world concerned with the happiness of the many, a world purged of the old insensate vanities and acrimonies.

Mrs. Yellam received him, as usual, a shade more formally, perhaps, with a slight tightening of her lips. Hamlin began as the personal friend of long standing, assuring the mother that her son, in all probability, was not severely wounded; that good news might be expected shortly; that very soon Alfred might be with her, out of the danger zone for a season, and able to give attention to his business. But he perceived that he was wasting words and time. She listened respectfully, saying nothing. He guessed what ebullitions of feeling were suppressed. He had been tormented by her anxieties, by her doubts. The loss of his wife had been irreparable. And when his daughter left him alone in the Vicarage, with nothing to engross him but his work, an odd distaste of life had assailed him, a slackness which he fought tooth and nail. Till then he had hardly known fatigue, as it is known to all women, that dull apathy, more mental than physical, which questions means and ends, exaggerating the difficulties of the former and minimising the latter; an apathy continually whispering the sad words, *cui bono?* He knew how hard Mrs. Yellam had worked for her husband, her children, and in particular for Alfred. During the last ten years all ambition, all energies had been concentrated upon him alone. She had made, unconsciously, a god of him.

Hamlin rose up to deliver his message. Mrs. Yellam rose with him.

"I missed you in church yesterday, and on Christmas Day."

"One old 'ooman can't be missed, sir."

His eyes, not his voice, softened.

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Yellam. A woman of your character in this parish is missed—more than you think, perhaps."

"If Alfred comes back you'll see me in my pew again."

"You have made that rash bargain with your God?"

She said defiantly:

"How do I know as He is my God? The Kayser claims Him."

Hamlin gazed keenly at her.

"If—if I left the matter there, Mrs. Yellam, in the firm hope and belief that God's ways, inscrutable as they may appear to us when all our energies are at a low ebb, will in His time be made manifest, may I not ask you, as your parish priest, to consider the example to others, the many, possibly, who are wavering in faith as you are?"

"Fancy Broomfield bid me think of that."

"Did she? Poor girl, she is distracted with anxiety, like you. But her faith sustains her. Have you thought of what Fancy told you?"

She answered him slowly, weighing her words:

"My faith be gone, sir. It may come back wi' Alferd. And feeling so bitter as I do about Willum Saint, who be stealing my boy's business, who be letting others fight for him, and making a fortin for hisself, can I kneel at God's table?"

"No."

"What be I to do? Go to church, a whited sepulchre, and pretend that I be a Christian 'ooman? Do 'ee ask me to do that for sake of others?"

Hamlin remained silent. She continued, more calmly:

"I can't bring myself to go churchalong, although I'd be pleased to oblige you, sir."

"It is no question of obliging me, Mrs. Yellam. Aren't you adding to your heavy burden instead of sharing it with One Who laid it upon you and Who alone can lighten it?"

Grievously she shook her head. Hamlin took his leave. As he walked away he muttered to himself: "Civil war—devastating civil war raging in that poor old heart."

He returned to the Vicarage with his mind dwelling upon the eternal conflict, a conflict accentuated by the world-war, because its issues seemed to enrich or impoverish everybody. By it, without a doubt, Susan Yellam had been impoverished. He himself was conscious of enrichment. But—he had not lost a son. He had five children.

After tea Fancy cycled down, as usual, to the Yellam cottage. Solomon received her boisterously. She made sure that good news awaited her. A glance at Mrs. Yellam's set face put to flight her hopes. No news had come. Mrs. Yellam greeted the girl perfunctorily, and then said sharply:

"Have you brought 'em?"

"Yes," said Fancy.

She took from a small hand-bag a much-used pack of cards. Mrs. Yellam had cleared a space upon the kitchen table.

"Set 'em out," she commanded.

Fancy sat down and began to shuffle the pack. Hamlin would have smiled sorrowfully had he seen Mrs. Yellam's intent face as the girl's slim fingers dealt out the cards. So it had come to this. Rejecting the faith of sixty years, this poor old woman asked for hope and happiness from a fortuitous arrangement of bits of painted pasteboard! Comedy upon the underlying tragedy. Hamlin knew, of course, that astrologers, mediums, crystal-gazers and the like were now doing a roaring trade.

Mrs. Yellam, let it be noted, asked Fancy to bring the cards. Protest had quivered upon Fancy's lips—and stayed there.

"Well?"

"It is well, Mother. Alfred will come back. This makes the third time; and, do you

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know, when I rode up Sol barked and wagged his tail."

"Did he? The dog be full o' fun now."

Fancy went down on her knees. Sol barked at her, and then began to race round the room, playing what Fancy called "mad dog." He ended by leaping, panting, into Mrs. Yellam's lap.

"I believe he knows something, Fancy."

"I'm sure he does. Would he carry on like that if—if Alfred were real bad?"

Thus each woman, in her artless way, consoled the other.

Upon the Tuesday details reached Mrs. Yellam. Alfred had been shot in the arm; the bone was badly broken; his destination was Netley.

Strings were pulled by Sir Geoffrey. Before the week was out Alfred arrived at Pomfret Court. He looked much the same, not quite so rubicund; he carried his left arm in a sling.

Upon the following Sunday Mrs. Yellam appeared in her pew, and the fervour of her responses excited some comment.

She said to Fancy:

"The cards told true. Now, the sooner you and Alfred becomes man and wife the better."

The doctor, who visited Pomfret Court daily, raised no objections. Alfred's arm would keep him in Nether-Applewhite for many weeks, because small splinters from time to time would have to be extracted—a tedious process. Mrs. Yellam when she heard this said with twinkling eyes:

"Alfred, dear, why didn't you get wounded in both arms?"

To which Alfred replied slyly:

"I kept my right arm, Mother, to slip round Fancy's waist."

He told many stories, to which Fancy and Mrs. Yellam listened entranced, and he spoke of the enemy with respect and without rancour. Upon one occasion, as his battalion moved into the trenches, a German had shouted out in excellent English:

"Be you the Wiltshereers?"

A reply in the affirmative provoked a request for "pozzy" (jam). But a tall sergeant, who stood up to hurl a can of preserve into the German trench, was shot dead. This aroused tremendous wrath, as quickly allayed when the same voice shouted again, asking if the sergeant who threw the jam had been hurt. He was soon satisfied on that point, and immediately a hubbub arose in the enemy trench, and a shot was heard. Soon afterwards the Wiltshires learnt from the lips of the first speaker that the man who treacherously slew the sergeant had been "done in."

"They ain't all bad," said Alfred.

To Mrs. Yellam's amazement her son merely laughed when she told him of William Saint's activities.

"Tis life, Mother. Down river, if a trout's

caught behind an old stump another takes his pitch before night."

Mrs. Yellam, however, noted with satisfaction that although Alfred was incapacitated from driving his motor-bus, the business, since his arrival in Nether-Applewhite, had leaped ahead again with a renewed impetus. William Saint looked sour.

Fancy bought her modest trousseau, and, incidentally, put on several pounds in weight. The weather happened to be bitter, but she never felt cold when walking out with Alfred. He spoke with enthusiasm of his officers:

"They're fine gentlemen, Fancy. And those in the ranks are the finest of all." Then he told her a story about two men in a London regiment, both privates and chums. One was an East-ender; the father of the other owned a house in Park Lane. The Cockney asked his chum if he had ever visited Whitechapel. The other remembered that he had bought a bull-terrier from a fancier in the Mile End Road. He remembered, also, that he had been handsomely "done" over the deal. After a pause the Cockney said with a grin: "I sold you that dawg, Algy. What a mug you was then!"

But Fancy remarked one amazing change in her lover. He never spoke of the future. His enjoyment of the present was unmistakable. This abstinence from a topic which formerly had engrossed him became more and more significant. The girl realised what Alfred had been through, although, unlike most of the wounded men at the Court, he recited no "horrors." Gradually, too, she perceived a change in his face; he had "fined down," his eyes were more alert, with a curiously steadfast expression. She had never talked with him about religion. That was taken for granted, and might be summed up as a cut-and-dried sense of certain obligations such as church-going, honourable dealings with neighbours, loyalty to the Sovereign, and sobriety of conduct. He knew nothing about the empty pew.

"Mother took my going awful hard. Did she talk to you about it?"

Fancy told him what had taken place. Alfred held his tongue till she had finished.

"Thought she'd lost her soul, did she? Poor dear!"

"William Saint doing so well and cutting into your business worried her dreadful. I think it worries her still that you takes it so easy."

Alfred meditated upon this. When he answered her he conveyed to her mind an extraordinary sense of detachment, as if he, the strong man, so enterprising as a carrier, so alert for "orders," had become suddenly an onlooker at the game of life. Perhaps surroundings lent themselves to this impression. They had climbed slowly to the high downs, and were standing near a noted land-mark, a



"One old 'ooman can't be missed,
sir," said Mrs. Yellam"—p. 863.

Drawn by
Harold Coppley.

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small tower known as the Pepper Box. A sharp frost had silvered the downs. The air was very still. Upon each side of them stretched the uplands, melting into distant woods. No animals were to be seen, not a sheep, not a bird. They seemed to stand alone in a beautiful, deserted world.

"I suppose," he said, "that 'tis like this. Before the war I might have felt different towards William Saint. And after the war, Fancy, if I'm here, I shall try hard to get back my own again. But to-day I'm thinking of peace. Fed-up with war I am. I want to live quiet with you and mother. I talked a lot of foolishness once about making big money. You didn't cotton much to the notion. Maybe you feared it would take me away from you?"

"I did."

"Well, maybe it would. Money drives some folks apart, and the want of it brings 'em together. And, out there, plotting and planning seems silly, because one may be—next."

She clutched his arm. He smiled at her, continuing slowly:

"Tain't so terrible a thought. Most of us fears pain more'n death. I see more frightened folks in Nether-Applewhite than in the dug-outs. Queer thoughts have come to me, my maid, since we two parted."

"Tell them to me, Alfie."

"Tien't easy unless a man has the gift of words. Times, especially at night, when an attack is expected, I've lain still as a dormouse, thinking that 'twas unreal, a dream like, and that soon I should wake up and find myself somewhere else."

"I often feel just that way."

"Ah-h-h! Another queer notion is this: The best seem to go first, Fancy; some of the young officers. Why? I figure it out that death is a big prize to such. It does explain things a bit, don't it? They get their reward—quick! And then I set to figuring who is best. God Almighty knows. One feller in my platoon, before I got my stripes, was a right-down scallywag, a jail-bird."

"My!"

"'Twas his notion about death being a prize for the lucky ones. And he told me that he loved to think how bad he'd been, because he reckoned himself safe, sure to be one of the last to be called. Next week he was 'done in,' and on his face was the queerest smile I ever saw."

She clung closer to him. He said in his ordinary genial tones:

"I feel myself again in Blighty, dear. But I want no unpleasantness with William Saint or anyone else. I think, night and day, of you, soon to be my dear wife."

Love-making rolled on smoothly, as before the war.

But what Alfred had said remained in

Fancy's mind. It explained much that had puzzled her ever since she was able to think: her father's ill-health and ill-fortune, her mother's premature death, and the big casualty lists. If life was a dream! If reality lay beyond! Then all the mysteries, the inequalities, the apparent injustices could be explained. Such an explanation is old as human thought. It can be found in the Vedas, in the Bible, in the writings of the Gnostics, in some of the Pagan and modern philosophies. Fancy, however, was neither concerned nor interested in speculations veiled in words she could not understand. Alfred's queer notions were his and hers, rushlights shining in the darkness. But terror touched her heart when she applied the obvious conclusion to herself. If the best were taken, why, then, Alfred would be numbered amongst them.

As her wedding-day approached this apprehension grew fainter and then disappeared for a time. She resolved to live in the present, not in the shadows of past or future.

She had never been so happy before.

It was arranged that part of the honeymoon should be spent in London. After three days' sight-seeing the pair would return to Mrs. Yellam's cottage. Alfred bestowed upon Fancy a black fur stole and muff, a wrist-watch, and a pair of silver-backed hair-brushes.

She placed these oblations upon a chair near her bed, so that her eyes could gloat upon them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

Sergeant George Mucklow, V.C., promised to act as best man.

Mrs. Yellam was nearly as happy as Fancy. One fly settled in her ointment. Conscription had become the law of the land. But the local tribunal exempted William Saint. Uncle predicted that he would be called up later. Jane, of course, contradicted this on general principles. With Mrs. Yellam she believed that Satan would take good care of his own.

The men at Pomfret Court gave a sing-song in Alfred's honour upon the afternoon before he left them. Fancy sat beside the bridegroom-elect amongst the quality. She liked one new song so much that she clapped her hands and called out "Encore" before anyone else. The chorus of that song is now known to every English-speaking soldier in the world.

"There's a long, long trail a-winding

Into the land of my dreams;

Where the nightingales are singing,

And a white moon beams.

There's a long, long night of waiting

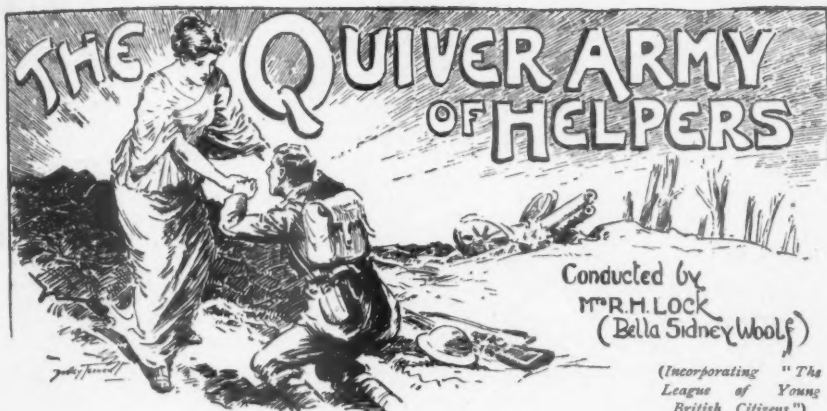
Until my dreams all come true;

Till the day when I'll be going down

That long, long trail with you."

Her dreams had come true; the night of waiting was past.

(End of Chapter XIII)



"Trust in God, in the goodness of your cause and in the power of Truth. Be faithful and you will conquer."—JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A Red-Letter Day at La Belle Sauvage

MY DEAR HELPERS,—How I wished that everyone who had contributed to THE QUIVER Army of Helpers' Motor Ambulance could have been present in La Belle Sauvage Yard on the sunny morning of 16th May. Punctually at 12 the sound of a silvery bell was heard, and under the dark archway that leads into the Yard from Ludgate Hill there rolled in, almost noiselessly, our ambulance. As it emerged in the sunshine the beautiful silver-grey colour with which it is painted showed up against the dingy office walls and the glowing scarlet of the Red Cross, and the inscription stood out in bold relief.

When the car drew up there stepped out of it Miss H. E. Hope Clarke and Miss Ruback, and I had the great pleasure of meeting at last the wonderful lady who had organised this unique work of the "Silver Thimble," and her able Hon. Secretary. Seated beside the driver of the car was Mr. Crothers (Deputy-Director of the London Ambulance Column), who, since 1914, has given his time and powers to the splendid work of conveying our wounded men to hospital with the greatest possible comfort and expedition. The driver was Mr. Mercer, who has given his services voluntarily ever since 1914. He told me he was particularly glad to take over our car. "Do you know," said Miss Hope Clarke, "that sometimes the men on arrival ask if they can go in a 'Silver Thimble' ambulance? They have heard of the ambulances from others."

We inspected the ambulance thoroughly—the white-covered stretchers; the electric lamp inside that the driver can turn on, arranged so that it shall not shine in the eyes of the wounded; that beautiful silvery bell that warns people of the approach of the ambulance; and we had nothing but admiration for every detail. It gives one a pang when looking at it to think

that in the twentieth century it should be necessary to supply this ambulance to collect wrecked and maimed humanity—men who ought to be enjoying life and work and home. But since this terrible scourge of war has been forced on us, it is our sad yet proud privilege to do all we can to relieve the sufferings of our gallant men. And in this our ambulance will play its small but useful share.

The Presentation

Through the kind thought of Sir Arthur Spurgeon (General Manager), a large part of the staff of Messrs. Cassell and Co. suspended work during the presentation and assembled in the Yard. A small platform had been erected. Besides those I have already mentioned, there were present Lady Spurgeon, Miss Bestwick, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Golding, Mr. Newman Flower and the Editor of THE QUIVER. Sir Arthur Spurgeon, in interesting and appropriate words, pointed out the wonderful work achieved by the Silver Thimble Fund, and expressed his pleasure at the generous and whole-hearted response of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers to the appeal I had made. He made special mention of the wonted energy and sympathy with which the Editor of THE QUIVER had entered into the scheme, and he paid a special tribute to the untiring work of sorting and packing undertaken by Miss Stuttford, Miss Deason and Mr. Shinner. He also mentioned specially young Douglas Austin from the Cashiers' Department, who, as Miss Hope Clarke neatly put it, "carried the ambulance to Wimbledon."

The explanation of this marvel is that we sent all the parcels of gold and silver by hand to Miss Hope Clarke's house at Wimbledon, and it was Douglas Austin who carried every parcel. And they were no light weight, I can assure you. You will see Douglas figuring in one of the photographs.

Sir Arthur then formally handed over the ambulance to Mr. Crothers, who accepted it on

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behalf of the London Ambulance Column in a few apt words.

Sir Arthur then called upon Miss Hope Clarke, the Editor of *THE QUIVER* and myself to make speeches. We were all totally unprepared for this, and I think our hearts suddenly sank into our shoes. However, since courage is in the air just now, we plucked up ours, and I know the two others acquitted themselves very well indeed. As for myself, I was able, at any rate, to express my admiration of Miss Hope Clarke's work and my thanks to

six beds each and two for three beds each. Only men who have been recommended will be admitted as lodgers, and everyone will have to pay for his board and lodging. It will not be parochial or denominational. I hope that you all approve that £100 has been contributed by you to this scheme, which requires £3,000 to be started. It has the warm approval of Sir Francis Lloyd, and Mr. W. B. Inledon, who has much experience in such matters, is Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. I feel that we cannot reckon our work is done when we have just provided help and comfort for those

suffering in body during the war. We must see to it that those of our gallant men who survive have opportunities and comforts after the war. To this fine work your £100 has been devoted.

And we have £130 in hand for the new ambulance—the one that is needed at the Front. To quote Miss Hope Clarke:

"It is quite amazing!"

And I feel that the Army of Helpers who have created such a reputation for prompt response will not fail now. These words are written at the end of May—as I explained before, magazines cannot be brought out "while you wait," like the covering of umbrellas! They have to be prepared months ahead. So perhaps by the time these words reach you we shall almost have acquired the second ambulance.

Please, therefore, will every QUIVER reader who has not yet discarded those unused trinkets and oddments of gold and silver that are lying in drawers and cupboards, kindly send them to me at *La Belle Sauvage*? Nothing is too small and nothing is too large. Remember that all your gifts collected together have already reached a total of £900—a wonderful example of "many mickles" amounting to "a muckle."

I believe that if every reader realises to the full the significance of the words I quoted, "The men ask if they can go in a 'Silver Thimble' ambulance," not one of them will hoard an unnecessary piece of gold or silver. It will go at once to the purchase of a second QUIVER Army of Helpers' ambulance. I can assure you all that "our" ambulance runs as if it were on velvet, for Mr. Crothers and Mr. Mercer offered to drive me to Waterloo, where I had to catch a train. It is a wonderfully fine-running car, and as I sped through the streets of London I was thankful to think of the ease and comfort it would bring to our "boys."

A Message of Sympathy

I feel sure that all the members of *THE QUIVER* Army of Helpers will grieve to hear that, two days after Sir Arthur Spurgeon showed his interest in your efforts by presiding at the



A Good
Rousing Cheer!

Photo:
Alfieri.

all who had helped so splendidly, and to Sir Arthur for presiding at the interesting little ceremony. And at the same time I was able to keep up my "Oliver Twist" reputation—I asked for more! And I was inspired to do this by Miss Hope Clarke, who said to me before the presentation: "Why don't you get us an ambulance for the Front now?"

And her words did not take my breath away, for I feel that *THE QUIVER* readers could and would do this. I knew as a matter of fact that we had a substantial sum in hand already. At that very moment we had

£130 towards the Second Ambulance

and another £100 for the Chalk Farm Soldiers' Hostel. I will explain the hostel. Miss Hope Clarke asked me as a special favour to allot £100 to this hostel, which is for the use of soldiers on leave and for discharged soldiers during and after the war.

I hope to visit this hostel later on when it is in working order, and describe it to you at first hand. It will offer to the soldiers staying there a large recreation club room, to which their friends may come, and a dining room for lodgers only, with kitchen, etc., and a small garden with veranda. On the upper floor will be sixteen cubicles, two dormitories with

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

presentation of the ambulance, his only surviving son, Captain Percy Spurgeon (Queen's Royal West Surreys), died of wounds. And I know you wish me to express the deep sympathy of the Army of Helpers with Sir Arthur and Lady Spurgeon and Mrs. Percy Spurgeon in this overwhelming sorrow that has befallen them.

Glove-Waistcoat Society

A steady flow of gloves and fur continues to replenish Miss Cox's store of waistcoats and fur gloves for our gallant mine-sweepers. Gifts of old kid and suede gloves and pieces of fur are gratefully received all through the summer, for Miss Cox keeps on those workers who are in poorest circumstances, and prepares a stock of waistcoats and gloves for the winter. Besides, it is never very warm on those Northern Seas, and the men are always glad of the cosy garments. Here is another note from Miss Cox:

"DEAR MADAM,—Again we have to thank you for the most delightful parcels your readers have so

"Will you accept the enclosed as a small contribution to your Glove-Waistcoat Fund? It was sent from New Zealand to my poor boy, who was killed in action at the Dardanelles in 1915, and who, I am grieved to say, lost his life before it arrived."

Even one pair of kid gloves or a scrap of fur is useful, so please do not think any gift is too meagre to send

An anonymous donor asked us to send a waistcoat to William Wardman, a mine-sweeper. I asked Miss Cox to do this, and she forwarded one at once with great pleasure.

Could anyone tell me of an inexpensive method of softening rabbit-skins? I am told rubbing in olive oil is one means, but it is both expensive and difficult to get.

Gay Bags

You will see that huge parcels of Gay Bags were sent to Mrs. Ord Marshall, who writes:

"DEAR MADAM,—I write to acknowledge with many grateful thanks the three parcels containing a further 600 Gay Bags. The members of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers are indeed generous to us,



Sir Arthur Spurgeon
making the Presentation.

Photo:
Alford.

kindly sent. Your parcels are always such a joy to us, and we do most heartily thank all the contributors who so willingly give us such real help and encouragement. Please convey our most grateful thanks to all.—Yours faithfully,

"MARY L. COX (Hon. Sec.)."

A most generous and helpful gift was received from Messrs. Samuel How and Son, of Leicester—20 lb. of white fur cuttings. A gift with a very sad interest attached came from Buckinghamshire—it was a leather sleeveless jacket, and the donor wrote:

and we thank them one and all. Please tell them how materially they have helped us to help the soldiers.—Yours truly,

"E. M. ORD MARSHALL (Hon. Sec.)."

The following extracts are from letters received with Gay Bags:

Mrs. E. Smale (Bere Alston).—"I am sending you a dozen Gay Bags made by a small class of girls who have met here once a week during the winter for Red Cross work. It is a small offering, but we send it on the principle that 'many little make much.' We only wish it were more."

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Gwen Matthews (on behalf of the Clarendon School Girls, Bath).—"On reading your appeal for Gay Bags we felt we should like to make some, as we cannot do too much for our brave men at the Front, so we are sending these, which we hope will meet with your approval."

Miss D. Wescott (Wokingham).—"I am sending you twelve bags made by a small working party connected with the King's Messengers. The children had made them before I saw your appeal in *THE QUIVER* for our soldiers, but I hope they will be the size you want."

Miss P. Stewart (Londonderry).—"I have just sent you a parcel containing eighteen Gay Bags made by some of the children of St. Lurach's School here, in which I teach. A great many of the children have not yet made their bags, but they hope to do so soon, and in a few weeks' time I hope to send another parcel."

Maggie Mawdsley (Hall of Ince Girls' School, Wigan).—"On Tuesday morning, our teacher, Miss Crank, brought *THE QUIVER* and read that you were asking for Gay Bags for the wounded soldiers to keep their odds and ends in. We have only had time to make a dozen, but we hope to be able to send some more another time."

Anonymous (Hove).—"Just a few Gay Bags with a packet of cigarettes in each. I have stitched many loving thoughts into them, having a very dear son in this terrible war."

A very welcome gift of Gay Bags, cigarettes, handkerchiefs, etc., came from Lady Young, Mrs. Monro, and Miss E. M. Leishman. Mentions of other gifts are held over till next month.

We are anxious for more Gay Bags. The dimensions can range between 10 by 12 and 12 by 14 inches. The bags should be made of gay-coloured cretonne or sateen—flowered if possible—and should have a draw-string round the top.

Odds and Ends of Wool

I received the following nice letter from Miss Phyllis Lowe:

"MY DEAR MRS. LOCK,—I am writing to thank you for the most lovely parcel of wool you sent me from the members of *THE QUIVER* Army of Helpers, and will you please thank them all for me? We are all most grateful to everyone who has answered my appeal so willingly and generously. The children do so love the pretty colours sent in the parcels. We have just finished two more blankets, which were made within a fortnight. Our little band of knitters, which now goes by the name of B.K.A. (Bobbing Knitting Army), has just broken up for the summer, as so many have started work on the fields and farms. We are starting work again next September. We are collecting wool through the summer, so as to have a nice lot when we start again.—Yours sincerely, "PHYLLIS LOWE."

Silver and Lead Paper

I have had some welcome contributions of silver and lead paper, which is sold at 1s. per lb., to provide comforts for the soldiers at Gifford House Auxiliary Hospital. Miss A. M. Swanton (Skibbereen) wrote:

"Having seen your appeal for silver paper, I got the boys in my Sunday class to collect for me, and here is the result. They were most keen to know what use was made of it."

Another gift came from a hospital Miss E. A. Allen (Battle) says:

"The silver paper was given me by the soldiers at our V.A.D. Hospital; they were so pleased to save it, but there is not so much used now. One of our nurses has a large ball of it, if it would be of use. We were not sure how you wanted it."

And another gift with a most pathetic interest came with the following letter:

"I am sending a box of silver paper which took my daughter many years to collect. She was an invalid for twelve years, and the news of my only son being killed at the Front caused her end, both within three months of each other. So I am sending this on in her name—Mabel. They were my only children."

I am sure the deepest sympathy of all our readers goes out to this bereaved mother.

I shall be grateful for any quantity of silver and lead paper. It does not matter if it is crumpled or made up into balls—the smallest amount is welcome.

Books for Land Workers

I am most grateful for a quantity of books received for the Land Workers' Libraries, and I shall be glad of a further supply. Light fiction in cheap editions is most suitable. The books are the greatest boon to girls working in remote districts. Mrs. Nicholson (Stowmarket), a kind donor of books, wrote:

"I live in a country district myself and know what a boon books are to those who are 'miles from anywhere.'"

Blinded Soldiers' Children's Fund

I wish that I could mention all the gifts individually that I have received for this Fund, but space forbids. However, I must make a mention of a most generous gift of £11 sent by Captain C. B. Ede, R.E., from Salonica, on behalf of the unit which he commands. My very hearty thanks to all who contributed to this helpful gift. I wrote a letter to Captain Ede thanking him and his unit, and I trust the letter did not fall a prey to a submarine. It costs £13 a year to provide for a blinded soldier's child under Sir Arthur Pearson's scheme, so the gift of £11 practically supports one child for a year.

Flowers for London Schools

I received many kind offers in response to my appeal for the Schools' Mutual Aid Society, organised by the Hon. M. Cordelia Leigh. Flowers and other nature specimens, letters, etc., are exchanged between town and country schools. Miss Leigh writes:

"I am most grateful for your kind appeal in *THE QUIVER* and for sending me on these letters, which I have gratefully answered. It will be a great help in our work."

I shall be glad to receive more offers from country teachers willing to send flowers, etc. to town schools.

A Fine List of Gifts and Givers

Welcome gifts towards the "Little Folks' Home" Sale of Suitable Things, Pound Day, etc., St. Dunstan's Hostel,

What would YOUR Wife and Family Do?

HAVE YOU EVER PAUSED TO CONSIDER what would happen to your wife and family if they were suddenly thrown upon their own resources to face the world and the future without your aid?

HAVE YOU THOUGHT of what might happen to your boy, in whose future you place such hope, or to your daughter, whose happiness is your greatest desire, if on one fatal day they were deprived of your support, guidance and care?

HAVE YOU CONTEMPLATED what you will do when the time comes—as come it must—when your money-earning powers have declined, when you will need extra comforts and attention, when the matter of even a few hundred pounds may mean the difference

between declining days of comfort and those perhaps bordering on penury?

PROBABLY you have thought of all these things, and are making provision for the future.

BUT—ARE YOU MAKING THE BEST?

*Are your investments SAFE—
secure from the many risks affecting the
ordinary investments of to-day? Are you
certain you will be deriving the greatest
benefits from your savings?*

In any case we invite you to write to-day for particulars of the "Very Best Investment of All," an Endowment Assurance policy that affords provision for your wife and family; yields you a certain sum with substantial profits on your payments at a period when you may need it most, and is an investment that will never cause you a moment's anxiety for its safety.



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Subscribed Capital	-	-	-	-	£24,920,232
Paid-up Capital	-	-	-	-	5,191,715
Reserve Fund	-	-	-	-	4,345,241

(2nd May, 1918.)

Deposits	-	-	-	-	£230,030,585
Cash in hand and Balances at	-	-	-	-	
Bank of England	-	-	-	-	75,012,029
Money at Call and Short Notice	-	-	-	-	8,280,522
Bills of Exchange	-	-	-	-	23,305,323
Advances	-	-	-	-	90,381,051

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**This Bank will collect for its Customers
free of commission, cheques on the
Belfast Banking Company Limited.**

Will you send
them 2/6 for Bread?

Will you help

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

The usual ANNUAL APPEAL is made for

HALF-CROWNS

to help to pay the Food Bill for their great family of **7,300** children.

The provision of food for THE LARGEST FAMILY IN THE WORLD is a serious problem, especially in these times of high food prices.

Last year **232,304** Half-Crowns were raised for this Fund in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo.

Will you please help the Homes to raise more this year, because the need is greater?

6,077 Children admitted since war broke out, a large proportion being children of soldiers and sailors.

Cheques and Orders payable "DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOOD BILL FUND," and crossed (Notes should be Registered), and addressed to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at

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When sending Gifts please mention THE QUIVER, August, 1918.



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IT IS NATURE'S REMEDY.



BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

Cures without lancing or cutting, bringing all disease to the surface and healing from underneath. Of Chemists, 9d., 1/3, etc., per box; or SAMPLE BOX post free 9d. from the Proprietor—

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"GOT MARRIED."

"I told you about Maud and Ethel—well, Ethel got married last week, and the girls say he fell in love with her hair—not with her. It certainly is really lovely.

DR. WILSON'S Hair Restorer

Price 1/3, 1/11, & 5/-

Postage 5d. extra

"I never saw such an improvement as that Dr. Wilson's stuff has made since she started using it—in fact, I'm going to try it myself. Don't tell, there's a dear!"

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER OR CHEMIST FOR DR. WILSON'S HAIR RESTORER
Or write to **FAIRYTON, SON & CO., Ltd., Bull Ring, BIRMINGHAM**
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THE PERFECT NEST FOR BABY

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No hard substances or draughts to mar baby's comfort. Easily washable. No parts to rust. Packs small (weight 9 lbs.).

Supplied with either Net or Canopy Support. Catalogue of Cots, Drawers, etc., post free.

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DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

Blinded Soldiers' Children's Fund, Gay Bags, Silver Thimble Fund, Gloves-Waistcoat Society, Books, Pictures, Wool, Silver Paper, etc., came from the following kind and generous donors: Lady Young (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Mrs. Monro, Miss J. E. Allen, Mrs. Mills and Miss Bleachley, Mrs. Frank Simmons, C. S. Hunter, M. Maddocks, Mrs. Alfred Denny, Mrs. Mottram, Mrs. Payne, Miss Jean Watson, Miss Bessie Allan, Mrs. Henderidge Webb, Anonymous (Gay Bags), Miss D. W. Dawson, Mrs. Findlay, Miss Newton, Miss Stephen, Miss Hancock, Miss Wynne, Miss Jennie Nelson, Miss M. Morton, Mrs. J. W. Lowe, Margaret A. Grimes, A. E. Duncan, Miss Hughes, Miss E. Allen, Mrs. Small (Shetland), E. A. Osborne, Miss Mary Samwell, Miss Mary O'Brien and Friends, Mrs. Jackson (Askam-in-Furness), Miss D. Westcott, Miss Annie W. Lough, Miss A. B. Gourlie, W. J. Dollis, Gwen Matthews (on behalf of the Clarendon School Girls, Bath), Miss Givins, Miss Lowe, A. Well-wisher, Miss Elsie M. Meredith, M. Gillane, N. J. C. S. (Norfolk), Mrs. George Laurie, A. Reader of THE QUIVER, Anonymous, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Stoddart, "Shawlands" (Glasgow), M. Bell, Miss L. Emery, Mrs. Thora, Miss E. M. Taylor, Mrs. Ross, A. M. P. (Monmouthshire), Mrs. Southerden and Miss Wood, K. K. Hilliam, M. E. Groom, A. Friend (Pontefract), O. Dyal, Miss J. Stewart, Mrs. Linnet, Miss A. Travis, Mrs. H. Clapham, C. S. M. (Glasgow), A. P. (Kautford), Miss H. Hetherington, A. Quiver Reader in Bournemouth, The Misses Mockford, "Bervanger" (Totnes), Mrs. Martin (Ealing), Miss Kate S. Galt, Miss Watts, Miss A. P. Hamar, Mrs. M. J. D., Miss Burwood, E. Irwin, Dorothy A. Rosenthal, Mrs. Jewell, Miss A. J. S., H. E. Arnold, Mrs. O'Brien (Peterborough), Miss F. E. Robertshaw, Misses C. and H. Harman, The Misses Balleney, "A Somerset Manse," Mrs. Toon, Mrs. J. T. Weatherburn, Miss Y. Matthews, R. Skilbeck, Miss Maud Reddrop, A. Maud Taylor, Miss Colville, Mrs. Gilmour, Miss M. Dodd, Mrs. Miles, John and Margaret Bryans, E. L. F. Hamilton, A. Reader of THE QUIVER in Bathgate, Scotland, "Patty and Flo," Miss Stevens, Mrs. Strong, Miss Bessie Young, A. M. G. (Cornwall), Miss Watt, Miss Grace M. Tasker, H. Hill, Miss May Adams, Mrs. Caroline Fordham, Miss McGaw, For Girl Land Workers from A Woman at Home (Bristol), Miss D. Roberts, Miss M. H. Gowing, Miss Newton (Wandsworth Common), E. Taggart, Mrs. D. J. Davies, Miss Simpson, Mrs. Cawston, Mrs. Arthur L. Crow, Miss Kerr, Mrs. Carrick, Miss L. Martin, Mrs. W. S. Hammond, The Misses Ramsay, Irene Scouloudi, Mrs. Ingram, Miss Maude Farr, Miss Pickles (Harrogate), M. O. Wilson, Miss Greenale, Mrs. J. Wilson, N. W. (Wellington, Salop), "Menal Bridge" (N. Wales), Miss L. J. Walker, H. Whyte, Miss E. S. Heaton, G. Bonser, M. Bennett, G. Richardson, J. Cook, Mr. Fred Harbison (U.S.A.), Miss F. F. Harding, Mrs. Edward Green, M. E. D. (Hampstead), Mrs. Jackson (Maritzburg, Natal), Miss Minnie Gurney, (Islamabad), Mrs. Fox, Miss Nellie Paul, Miss P. Lowe, Miss A. M. Swanton, Miss A. Ball, A. M. Lewendon, Miss E. F. Gedge, Mrs. Miller, Miss Mary A. Conder, M. E. Ormsby, The Misses F. and M. Millward, Miss Stella G. Crimp, An Englishwoman (Montreal), Anonymous (Ealing), E. M. Wilkinson, Miss Mary Sawyer (Guelph, Ont.), Mrs. Minnie Shinnell, Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Rowland, Miss F. Whish, Mrs. Falkner, Miss Jones (Birkenhead), K. Wood, "Corfe Castle," Miss A. Norris, A. Reader of THE QUIVER (Wincanton, Somerset), Mrs. Hodge, The Misses Tucker (Bath), Miss Louie Nell, Mrs. Freeman (Cromer), Mrs. Goss, Dr. Dyson, Mrs. W. M. Kidd and Friends, Miss Heath, Mrs. Herman, Mrs. J. W. Turner, Mrs. H. W. Young, A. M., M. G. Clark, E. J. P. (Barnard Castle), M. A. G., Miss E. M. Goult, Anonymous (Wool), Mrs. Brown (Newbury), M. A. Gippert, Miss J. E. Hulley, Miss E. M. Leishman, Mrs. Davis and Miss Hewlett, Miss Jennie R. Ireland, Mrs. and Miss Robertshaw, Mrs. Taylor Keighley, Miss Mitchell, Lillian Armstrong, Miss A. E. Macklin, Miss M. Volland, Mrs. Maria Pickles (Colne), Mrs. P. V. A. Reid, "Coggeshall," Miss M. L. Evans, Miss M. R. Dobson,

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Many letters, etc., are held over till next month owing to want of space.

May I ask correspondents kindly to sign their names *very distinctly*, and to put Mr., Mrs., or Miss or any other title in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment.

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

All letters, gifts of money, silver and gold oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, for "Little Folks" Convalescent Home, or kid gloves and fur for the Glove-Waistcoat Fund, books, silver paper, etc., should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER OFFICES, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.

A post card is sent acknowledging each gift when an address is given. Several months may elapse before an acknowledgment appears in the magazine, owing to the quantity of gifts received and the fact that the magazine is prepared a long while in advance of the date of publication.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

As the Government has forbidden the issue of magazines "on sale or return," it is imperatively necessary to order THE QUIVER in advance to be sure of obtaining it.
Place a standing order with your Newsagent.

FOOD AND THE HOLIDAYS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

AUGUST, even in pre-war days, was always a month of extra food-planning, for whether the holidays were spent at the seaside, in the country, or at home the family party was augmented by the return of the school-children who demanded fare as different as possible from that provided during term time. Whatever plans we may have made for the summer holidays in this fourth year of war the necessity for suitable catering is just as pressing—perhaps even more so—as in those days of peace, for even quite little children seem to feel some of the stress and anxiety that is universal amongst older folks, and this very fact emphasises the importance of strengthening their minds and bodies in every possible way.

Children, like grown-ups, have very pronounced likes and dislikes, and a young boy or girl often thrives better when permitted to exercise a certain amount of say as regards the food consumed. The question, "What would you like for dinner?" may be asked occasionally with advantage to everyone concerned, for not only is the matter promptly settled for the harassed housewife, but the joy of being consulted on a usually tabooed subject will ensure the good appetite that is the best of all sauces.

Meals Out of Doors

The majority of children will elect to eat as many as possible of their meals out of doors. Encourage this fancy to the utmost, as it makes only for good, for however hot the weather or plain the food, few children will refuse to make a hearty meal taken in such, to them, congenial surroundings.

Now as to the kinds of foods that best befit the dog-days of August, and particularly those adapted for alfresco consumption.

The sandwiches which once constituted the foundation of a picnic meal were, to my mind, always a very overrated form of bliss, and nowadays the butter or margarine rations will not go far if cut bread and butter is often required. I know children, however, who would not consider a picnic complete without sandwiches in some shape

or form, and for such the following suggestions may be interesting:

A Nourishing Picnic Sandwich

Dripping, particularly from a pot-roast joint, which is very rich and savoury, may be lightly spread on slices of brown or ordinary household bread and the "filling" consist of sliced tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs finely chopped, fish pastes or a paste made of beans as follows: Soak $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of haricot or butter beans for twenty-four hours, then steam them till tender. Grate 1 oz. cheese, add to it 1 oz. dripping, a flavouring of chopped onion, salt and pepper. Mix together, and with the beans pass through a coarse sieve.

Sandwiches for tea may be made of bread or biscuits spread with cocoa-butter, with a filling of grated chocolate, or a paste made from pounded dates is much liked by most children on account of the intense sweetness of the fruit.

Liver paste makes a nice addition to the picnic store shelf. Cook 3 oz. of very fat bacon and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of thinly sliced calf's liver in a frying-pan. Pass through a mincer three times, season with salt, pepper, and a few drops of onion juice. A smoother paste is obtained by pounding the mixture in a mortar. This paste does not keep long in hot weather. When used for sandwiches the scrapings from the pan may be used to "butter" the bread. Sandwiches made from slices of fat cold boiled bacon are delicious when strongly flavoured with mustard and salt, and no butter is needed on the slices of bread.

Fish or Meat Mould

But, as already stated, sandwiches are not the best kind of food to eat in the open air. If the alfresco meal is eaten in the garden, or if further afield and accompanied by a grown-up who can dispense the food, there is nothing nicer than a fish or meat mould which is taken intact and eventually cut into thin slices—these are wrapped in crisp lettuce leaves, which serve as plates and wrappers combined. A pound of beef pieces, two or three rashers of bacon, both

*"War made in earnest maketh wars to cease,
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace."*

—TUCKER.

INDOOR WORKERS



When lack of exercise, excessive brain-work, or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired—depressed—a little

TRADE
**"FRUIT
SALT"**
MARK

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, and the nerves normal. Sound refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

Remember that "FRUIT SALT" has for upwards of forty years been known by the Trade and the Public to mean the Saline preparation of J. C. ENO, and no other. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

When you ask for "FRUIT SALT" see that you get it.

**Prepared only by J. C. ENO, LIMITED,
"FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY ST., LONDON, S.E.**

Sold throughout the World.

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must have the perfect alternative to mother's milk. Mellin's Food, mixed as directed, is the nearest to Nature's food — it *humanises* the milk, increases its nutritive qualities, renders it more digestible.

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Suitable for children at all periods of growth, from the very day of birth, Mellin's Food has reared thousands of children to sturdy maturity. Recommended by doctors, nurses, and parents for over fifty years.

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New Parcels Post.

Send 2/- in stamps or P.O. and we will forward

- 1 Bottle MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS,
- 1 Bottle MASON'S GINGER EXTRACT, and
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Each bottle makes from 6 to 8 gallons real Summer Beverage.

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Chairman and Treasurer :
F. A. BEVAN, Esq., D.L.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE COMMITTEE tender sincere thanks to the host of friends who, through various channels, have contributed to the L.C.M. Treasury during the year ended March 31.

In soliciting further help, they would point out that, owing to the exigencies of the times, the work is more than ever dependent upon the free-will offerings of the Lord's people.

The sum required to maintain the Society's normal and war-time operations, and to provide for the Missionaries, their wives and children, approaches £1,000 weekly.

The strictest economies are observed in all directions possible, and we appeal most earnestly to God's people to assist this supremely important work among the toiling multitudes and the poorest classes of the City metropolis.

Contributions (crossed Barclays Bank, Ltd.) to be made payable to the London City Mission, and addressed to the Secretaries, The Mission House, 3 Bridewell Place, London, E.C.4, or to the office of "The Quiver."

PLEASE SEND A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND

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HUNDREDS OF RECREATION
HUTS, TENTS AND CENTRES

for our gallant men at home and every theatre of war, including

ABOUT 200 UNDER SHELL-FIRE
ON THE WESTERN FRONT

AN INDISPENSABLE BOON, both to the wounded and the whole.

Many more are Urgently Needed.

Huts cost £500; Tents £300, fully equipped; £50 pays for small Chapel at one of the Huts.

Cheques, crossed "Barclay's, s/o Church Army," payable to Frebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

FOOD AND THE HOLIDAYS

cut into small squares, are cooked in a casserole with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a teacupful of stock. Simmer gently for three or four hours. Remove any scum that rises, and add another teacupful of stock in which $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine has been dissolved. Turn into a chilled jam-pot, which is the most portable kind of mould, and also turns out a shape which cuts into convenient slices. Another mould can be made from bacon which has been previously cooked, with slices of hard-boiled eggs and a sprinkling of chopped parsley arranged in a china mould or jam-pot with savoury or aspic jelly as a foundation.

Patties with meat or fish filling are always enjoyed out of doors. To make the pastry rub 3 oz. of dripping into $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of self-raising flour, season with salt, and mix to a very stiff paste with cold water. Roll out very thinly. Line some greased patty-pans with the pastry, put in the prepared filling, wet the edges, and cover with a second sheet of pastry. Cook in a quick oven for twenty minutes. A savoury filling can be made by passing the remains of a beef or mutton pot-roast through a mincing machine, work in a good-sized piece of dripping and moisten with gravy. Season with pepper and salt, and if liked a little curry powder or grated nutmeg.

Fish Filling for Pasties

For a fish filling take 4 oz. of any cooked white fish with an equal weight of cooked rice. Moisten with white sauce and flavour with nutmeg or essence of anchovy. The remains of a moist kedgerree make an excellent filling for pasties. Fish balls or rissoles made from half fish or meat and half cooked rice or mashed potatoes are very good eaten with lettuce leaves or tomatoes. Both the latter are thirst-quenchers and should always be included in the luncheon basket.

To make a dainty dish for a garden luncheon when table cutlery, etc., are available, take the required number of scallop shells and line each with a crisp lettuce leaf. On this arrange a little cake of cold mashed potato, and in the centre of this scoop a hollow, which is then filled with a tablespoonful of minced tinned salmon or lobster. Decorate with slices of tomato or cucumber, and just before serving pour over each a spoonful of salad dressing or mayonnaise sauce.

Some Hot Weather Puddings

Fruit and cream both being negligible quantities this summer, other forms of puddings must be provided. This ground rice sandwich is both uncommon and very excellent:

Make a custard (with powder) measuring $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints and let it cool. Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of equal parts of milk and water, and when boiling sprinkle in 3 oz. of ground rice. Add a pinch of salt, and if considered necessary a sweetening of sugar, honey, or syrup. Cook for twenty minutes, stirring constantly, then remove the mixture from the stove, and when it has somewhat cooled stir in 3 tablespoonfuls of the cold custard. Rinse two soup plates with cold water and put half the mixture in each. To serve, slip the contents of one soup plate on to a glass dish, spread with jam, cover with the second shape, and finally pile the whipped custard over the whole. If ground rice is not liked the shapes can be made with vermicelli, cornflour or any other approved thickening medium.

A sago jelly is cool and easy to prepare. Soak 4 oz. of sago in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of cold water for twelve hours. Put the contents of the basin into a double saucepan with a pinch of salt and leave till it becomes clear and jelly-like. Stir in the grated rind and strained juice of a lemon, also 1 tablespoonful each of syrup and sugar, and cook for another half hour. Turn into a soaked mould. When required put on to a glass dish and garnish with a border of cold whipped custard.

Apple and Tapioca Shape

This can be made with any available fruit or fruit mixture such as apples and blackberries, or apples and plums; only in the case of apples being used alone will the grated lemon rind and powdered ginger be required to give a piquant flavour to the somewhat insipid fruit. Soak 2 oz. of tapioca for twelve hours. Pour off any water that has not been absorbed, then stir in 1 gill of boiling water. Pare, core, and slice 1 lb. of apples and add to the tapioca, sweeten to taste, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of powdered ginger and the same of grated lemon rind. Turn the mixture into a double saucepan and cook till the apples are reduced to a pulp. Just before pouring into a china mould stir in a tablespoonful of condensed milk.

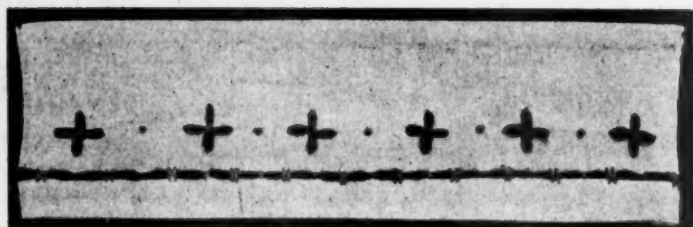


Fig. 1.

BUSY needlewomen who have no time for the tediousness of smocking or hemstitching, can get just as dainty effects in a quarter the time with the help of the simple stitches shown here, and variations of them which will suggest themselves after a little practice. These easy trimmings should wear and wash as well as the garment they adorn.

Effective and Very Easily Worked

Very attractive for hems and borders where a bold effect is wanted is the design photographed in Fig. 1.

It is shown worked on a hem turned up on the right side, the line of couching covering the hem. If the hem is tacked the embroidery will serve to keep it in place without any ordinary stitching, and this saves time and trouble. Details of the couching are plainly shown in the photograph, while above come daisies alternated with French knots. If a row of pencil marks is made, each an inch apart

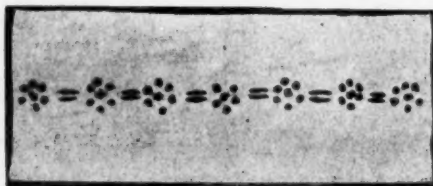


Fig. 3.

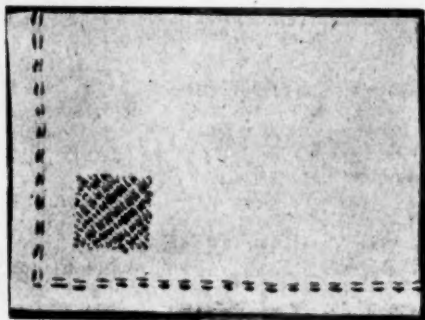


Fig. 2.

FANCY STITCHES FOR TRIMMINGS

and half an inch above the couching, these will serve as guides both for the single French knots and for those which serve as centres to the flowers. The daisies are worked in the ordinary daisy-petal stitch.

For a Sailor Collar

It is not easy to meet with a good corner design, but that in the lower photograph is both effective and easily worked. Silks of two colours or shades are required, and the diamond must be lightly marked out with pencil before starting to work. Then

it is simply darned in with alternate rows of the two colours, and the edge is finished with rather larger darning, again in both shades. The corners of sailor collars are particularly charming when finished in this way

with the darning carried all round the edge, and the design is also suitable for afternoon aprons and hand-bags.

A "French Knot" Design

The centre photograph shows the easiest decoration of the three, and it gives a delightful effect on anything which demands a simple border pattern, such as children's overalls, dressing-gowns and scarves.

A pencil line should be ruled as a guide about half an inch from the edge, with a dot on it every three-quarters of an inch to mark the position of the little clusters. Each cluster consists of six French knots, grouped circularly round a centre knot in a contrasting colour. The spaces between the clusters are filled with two running stitches of suitable length, one each side of the guiding line.



FADELESS **DURO** FABRICS

"Garment replaced if colour fades"

**Duro
Cambrie**

— 31" —

2/6 a yard

**Duro
Zephyr**

— 31" —

2/6 a yard

The daintiest of summer frocks and the smartest of costumes are made from "Duro" fabrics—in which you will also find the best materials for children's dresses, nurses' costumes and other garments that must stand hardest wear and countless washings.

Dyers and Manufacturers:
BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.

Ask your draper or write for patterns and the name of nearest retailer to The British Textile Syndicate, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

**Duro
Pique**

— 40" —

3/11 a yard

**Duro
Zephyr**

— 40" —

2/11 a yard



Question :

I am weaning baby.
What food shall I give her ?

Answer :

Robinson's "Patent" Groats

A most nourishing, sustaining, and easily digested food for babies when weaned. The little ones love its delicious flavour. Highly recommended by the Medical and Nursing Professions.

Result : Sound Teeth and Sound Constitution.

Send for Booklet :

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LTD., LONDON.

G.  R.

**Will you do
War-Work
Overseas ?**

British Forces abroad
are urgently in need
of the help of British
Women as

**CLERKS,
TYPISTS,
COOKS,
&c., &c.**

Enrol to-day in the

W.A.A.C.
(Women's Army Auxiliary
Corps)

Full particulars at any
Employment Exchange.
Ask at Post Office for
Address.

**The most
Sporty Toy
yet produced.**

Made
in
England.

Tel. Addresses:
AUTOSCOOT,
STOCKPORT.
AUTOSCOOT, LONDON.
Phone Nos.:
913 STOCKPORT.
5413 VICTORIA.



Send To-day for the Free-Wheel Auto-Scooter Propelled by Pedal

**Give your children healthy Auto-Scooter Joy Rides.
Strong and Simple Construction.** The

Auto-Scooter is engineer-made for prolonged service under rough conditions. All metal parts best steel, enamelled black, bicycle finish. Strong, simple free-wheel action, 10 in. diameter wheels, wired-on rubber tyres. Varnished wood parts of well-seasoned birch. Total weight, 11 lbs.

The Auto-Scooter is made in Six Styles, as follows, and is sent complete, safely packed and carriage paid.

MODEL O.—Varnish Finish, Free-wheel. A fine machine for the smaller children, weight 10 lbs. **21/-**

MODEL OI.—An entirely new model, simplified as to its working parts. The machine for the delicate child ... **23/-**

MODEL L.—Varnish Finish, weight 11 lbs. ... **25/-**

MODEL 1A.—Varnished and fitted with Mudguards and Aluminium Footplate ... **27/6**

MODEL 1B.—Fitted with Mudguards and Enamelled in Red, Green, Royal Blue, or French Grey ... **30/-**

MODEL 2.—Steel Frame. Enamelled Black, Lined Gold. Aluminium Footplate, 12 in. wheels. 1/2 wired-on tyres. We ght, 13 lbs. ... **40/-**

Brake to Front Wheel, 2/6 extra.

Stocked by all leading Stores, Cycle and Toy Dealers. Send your order to-day to

THE AUTO-SCOOTER CO., LTD.
Cheestergate, Stockport.

London Offices: 5 Victoria Street, S.W.4

Sole Manufacturers, Patentees & Owners of the Patents. Works: Cheestergate, Stockport.

Section for Younger Readers

Conducted by "DAPHNE"

PLAYING THE GAME

I HAVE had many interesting letters containing suggestions for our corner, in connection with the competition set in a recent number. Unfortunately, however, none of the suggestions are of very practicable assistance to me at the present moment, nearly all of them being after-the-war ideas. Some of them could hardly be carried out even then, unless the Editor would obligingly give up the whole of THE QUIVER to his younger readers!

One competitor suggests that we should run a serial story for young people, another that we should have a Nature talk every month in addition to the existing features of the Section. One reader wants to have all the competition entries which gain honourable mention printed and criticised in detail each month, while amongst other ideas suggested were employment bureaux, publication of readers' letters, short stories, articles and poems written by readers, and many other brilliant plans which, if they were carried out, would mean that everything else in THE QUIVER except the Section for Younger Readers would have to be dropped! Quite a good idea from our point of view, no doubt, but what would the other subscribers say, I wonder!

What Readers Really Want

Well, of course, what you people want is not a corner of THE QUIVER merely, but a whole magazine to yourselves! Then perhaps it might be possible to carry out some small portion of your suggestions. When the war is over, you had better all write to the Editor about it, and persuade him to start a magazine for young people, to which, of course, every member of the Section would be bound to subscribe. Then you could have your serials and your short stories and your articles, your Nature talks and reading circles, your employment bureaux and literary causeries, your corre-

spondence columns, your letters and your poems, and some of the hundred-and-one other items for which I have been asked. At least, if you get a sufficiency of paper to print a magazine big enough to contain them all! But until the war is over I am afraid all your excellent ideas, except a few of the suggestions for competitions, will have to be shelved. However, as most of you commenced your letters with the polite intimation that the Section could hardly be nicer than it is anyhow, perhaps you won't mind if we carry on much as we are until that happy day arrives.

The Prize-winning Letter

I am awarding the prize to JUDY CHARLES, aged 16, for the letter which you will find printed below. I am afraid that even her suggestions, practical though they are, cannot be carried out during the war, but perhaps afterwards—if there ever is an afterwards—we may be able to do something with them. I have thought of making some such arrangement about the competitions as Judy suggests for some time past, but I do not quite see my way to doing it just now. Perhaps some of my other readers will write and tell me what they think of Judy's idea? The prize-winner's suggestion, too, about the Correspondence Column is quite good, and "THE QUIVER Post Office" would be an excellent title for it if we are ever able to revive this feature of our pages.

The letters sent in by the following competitors are very highly commended:

Doris Brooke, Edith M. Deeley, Hilda M. Walker, Mary D. Burnie, Daisy McAlister, Gladys Cumpsteay, Adolphus Clarke, Christian Milne, Doreen Savery, Margaret E. Drake, Winnie Flatman, Elizabeth Arnold, Betty Crothers, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Molly Tall, Muriel Smith, Gwendolen Garrard.

Here is the prize-winning letter:

DEAR DAPHNE,—I have only lately become a reader of THE QUIVER, so I hope you will not think

THE QUIVER

it impertinence on my part to make a few suggestions for the improvement of the "Section for Younger Readers," which, to my mind, is one of the nicest features of the magazine. It is quite remarkable, when you once begin to look for them, how many ideas crop up, in spite of the fact that this corner of the magazine is quite delightful as it is.

In the first place, I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that when one prize, and only one, is offered for each competition (although it is a handsome one), it is apt to dishearten the competitor, or, rather, the would-be competitor.

If the latter does not happen to be particularly brilliant in either drawing or literary subjects, he says at once, "Oh, I couldn't possibly win the prize. What's the good of going in for it?" Now I think you will agree that this is a pity, as I am sure you like to have as many entries as possible, but perhaps this plan might solve the difficulty:

Supposing you were to offer a special prize at the end of the year to every competitor who had gained, say, twelve, or fourteen, highly commended during that time. This would give everyone a greater chance of winning at least one prize, and would, I think, inspire a larger number of readers to enter for the competitions.

As for the competitions themselves, nothing could be more delightful, especially the art subjects, which appeal to me most, drawing being my favourite hobby. I am most interested in figure and flower drawing, so I hope you will have a competition on one of these subjects one day.

Besides the competitions, I enjoy reading the "Correspondence Column" very much, but I think it would be still more interesting if the advertisements were fewer and longer. For instance, the correspondent could give more fully detailed account of himself, or herself, so that the reader could get a better idea what he or she was like before answering the advertisement. I think that the column would thus be made more attractive and perhaps this might be a good name for it—"THE QUIVER Post Office."

I will say "Good-bye" now, and wishing the best of luck to the "Section for Younger Readers,"

I remain, Yours sincerely,

JUDY CHARLES.

Cover Competition

We have one or two real artists amongst our readers. Several of the competitors whose names figure in the Honours List month after month really show exceptional artistic ability, and some of them will be heard of in the future, I think. The covers sent in for the May competition are really very good indeed—so good that I have had considerable difficulty in awarding the prize, for five or six of the best covers seemed to be almost equal in merit. I have

decided to divide the guinea offered by the Editor for the best cover between two competitors, W. C. JACKMAN, aged 15, of Leeds, and A. E. BEARD, aged 16, of Birmingham. Each of these competitors will receive half-a-guinea. And I give very special commendation to the following six readers:

Dorothy Gillings, Avril Anderson, Phoebe M. Rogers, Bessie Brownlee, Beryl M. Puzey, Margaret Williams.

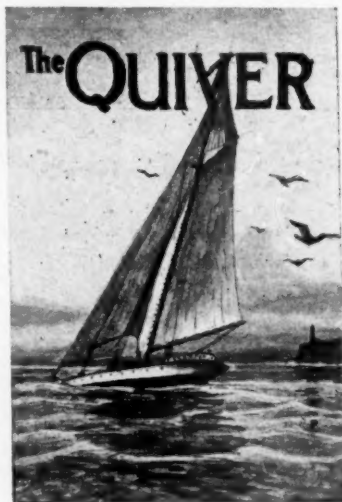
The work sent in by the following competitors is very highly commended:

H. Greenwood, Christian E. Cameron, Christine E. Lee, Edna K. Pocock, Fred Lawton, Gladys Forbes, Herbert S. T. Deane, Ruby C. Sanderson, R. H. Marlow, W. Baildon, Nancy Starling, Margaret Bryan, Kathleen M. Tregarthen, Marjorie McLean, Ruth Watson, D. Carden, Edna Shortland, Sydney Barnes, Dorothy Webster, Emily Power, Mattie Wharton, Kathleen McLean.

A Nature Note Competition

This month I am going to set two of the competitions suggested by readers in the Suggestion Letter Competition. A good many competitors confined their suggestions to ideas for competitions. This was not quite what I meant by a "Suggestion

Letter," but some of the ideas are quite feasible, and I hope to make use of them. This month the literary prize will be awarded for the best Nature Note received by the 20th of August. Notes must not exceed 500 words in length. They may be upon any Nature subject, but preference will be given to those notes which embody the competitor's personal observation. In other words, a letter containing an account of the actions and habits of some wild creature, for instance, which have been actually witnessed by the narrator, will be placed above a letter which contains only facts gathered from natural history books, however interesting and instructive those facts may be. Country readers will find greater scope for their notes than town dwellers, but even though you live in a town that need not preclude your entering for this competition. I think that one of the most interesting things about Nature is the way in which she obtrudes her presence in towns in spite of



One of the Prize Covers.

(Carried out by W. C. JACKMAN, aged 15.)

LITTLE DORA'S POETRY.



MY DREAM.

*I thought the sea was made of milk,
The icebergs were of cream,
The solid land was Bird's Blanc-Mange,
Oh! What a jolly dream.*

Bird's Blanc-Mange is delicious enough to inspire these wanderings into dreamland.

This fine and fragrant Powder turns a pint of plain milk into a beautiful velvet cream, and it takes only a moment!

The milk you make it with—so precious to-day—is multiplied in nourishment once in every 4 times.

Bird's Blanc-Mange is nothing but nourishment both for youngsters and grown-ups. Remember this in these grave times of Food Scarcity. Give them every day

BIRD'S Blanc-Mange

B59

KILL THAT FLY

Complete outfit including three phials of Lawson FLY-QUIT making three pints of spraying solution, Lawson PATENT SPRAYER to hold one pint, and full instructions

post **8/6** free

GUARANTEED EFFECTIVE

LAWSON & CO. (BRISTOL) LTD.
ST. PHILIP'S, BRISTOL.

Send for an Outfit to-day

P.Q. 113

The proof of the polish
is in the using.

That is why

RONUK

is in the front rank

**For FURNITURE
FLOORS
and LINOLEUM**

Write for Illustrated Booklet to—
RONUK, Ltd. (Dept. 22), PORTSLADE, Brighton, Sussex.

THE QUIVER

Drink Delicious

MAZAWATTEE TEA

SOLED BY ALL GROCERS

C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd.,
CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



*Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.*

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI - BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 8d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
GENUINE

IRISH LINEN

Pocket Handkerchiefs, Table
and House Linen, Shirts and
Collars, at **MAKERS' PRICES**

Write for samples and Price List, sent post free.

Robinson & Cleaver
36c Donegall Place LTO
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your gray and faded hairs to their
natural colour with

**LOOKYER'S SULPHUR
HAIR RESTORER**

Its quality of deepening greenness to the former colour in a
few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled
thousands to retain their position.

1/9 Sold Everywhere. 1/9

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural
colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect
Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great
Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., LTD., 12 Bedford Labor-
atories, London, S.E.1., and can be obtained direct from them
by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.



**The Un-
restricted Food**

You can get the same nourishment from
your food as in pre-war days by a judicious
use of Ex-Ox in your dinner dishes. Use
Ex-Ox instead of tea as a stimulating
drink between meals.

Ex-Ox

"The Strength of the Ox."

The Extra Ration

Excellent for culinary use—in soups, rissoles,
fritters, "cutlets," etc., with the addition of bread-
crumbs or vegetables. For Household use, and for
Restaurants, Communal Kitchens, Canteens, etc.,
we strongly recommend the 1-lb.
tins, which are particularly eco-
nomical, containing 8 times the
flavour contents. Sold in 1-lb. tins,
2/-; also in test-pocket hygienic
pure tin tubes at 1/-.

Grocers and Provision Dealers
everywhere.

Manufactured by The Ex-Ox Co.,
ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.



SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS

all that man can do to banish her. The moss that gathers so quickly on the pavements when traffic is diverted for a short while, the weeds and other plants that will spring up wherever a handful of soil can be found to nourish their roots, the birds that, undaunted by the noise and bustle of the city, can yet be seen even in the most crowded thoroughfares of great towns—all these things provide an endless source for observation for the Nature student. So I hope we shall have a great number of Nature Notes sent in for this competition, and that no one will refrain from entering for it merely because he or she does not live in the country. There will be a prize of a handsome Nature Volume for the best Nature Note received.

A New Drawing Competition

The subject set for the artistic competition is also a Nature one. There will be a prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best drawing, taken from life, of some animal, wild or domesticated, whichever you prefer. You must not copy your drawings from any illustration or picture, and I want you to certify on the back of your entries that they are taken from life. Entries may be in any black-and-white medium, and must be received at this office not later than the 20th of August. And please do not make your drawings too large! Some of you have been sending in pictures big enough to paper a wall with lately, and I really cannot undertake to be responsible for the safety of such cumbersome creations. Please bear in mind that, in future, drawing entries must not exceed a foot square. And don't try to get even with me by mounting your drawings on huge pieces of cardboard! A reasonable margin will be allowed, but if it exceeds more than a few inches all round, the drawing will be disqualified. So be sure to measure your drawings before you dispatch them to me. I expect to save no end of drawing paper by this restriction!

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written upon one side of the paper only.

2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.

3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.

4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope, *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes are insufficient.

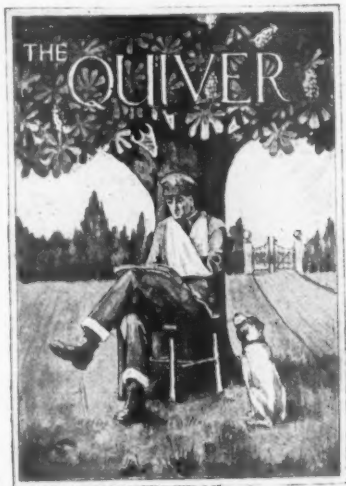
5. All entries must be received at this office by August 20th, 1918. They should be addressed, "Competitions," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Playing the Game

I want to have a little talk with you now on the subject which we English-speaking people in particular hold so sacred all the world over—that peculiar moral principle which is covered by the phrase, "playing the game." Every honourable person wants to play the game all through life, in smaller things as well as in greater, and I suppose all you readers of the Section want to be included in the term "honourable persons"? Well, but I am sorry to say that some of you have not quite "played the game" over the Correspondence Column. Most of you have acted quite honourably in the matter, but there are just a few of you, who from thoughtlessness or ignorance, or laziness, have not quite done so, and it is to those one or two that I want to speak now.

"For the Fun of the Thing"

First of all there are the people who advertised "just for the fun of the thing"—to see apparently how many answers they would get without having the least intention of carrying on a correspondence with anybody. Then there are the people who answered the advertisements for a joke. One girl reader answered an advertisement which asked for a boy correspondent only,



Another Prize Cover.

(Carried out by A. E. BEARD, aged 16.)

THE QUIVER

signed herself as a boy, and continued the imposture for some time before disclosing her real identity. That certainly was not quite playing the game!

Neglecting to Answer Letters

Then there are the people who did not reply to the letters they received. In many cases this neglect was quite excusable. Some of you, I know, received hundreds of replies to your advertisements, and it was obviously impossible for you to answer all your letters. But did all of you who neglected to reply to your would-be correspondents have this excuse? Even if you did not wish to continue the correspondence it would have been an act of grace to have sent a post card to that effect to the person who wrote to you in all good faith.

"Troddles" Makes his Apologies

Here is one advertiser who has done his best to "play the game" with regard to the readers who answered his advertisement. He received more letters, perhaps, than any of the readers whose notices I inserted in the Section. He struggled gamely with the first batches he received, but he was finally compelled to relinquish the task of answering all the letters that came pouring in upon him. I had an anguished letter from him a week or so after his notice appeared in our pages, and I now publish the apology he begged me to make for him to all those readers whose letters he was unable to answer:

"Troddles" thanks numerous friends for writing, and regrets that owing to a nervous breakdown—the result of an inundation of letters—he is unable to thank each correspondent individually.

So now those of you who have received no reply to your letters addressed to this young man will understand why he was silent. The same reason has kept many other advertisers silent also, and those of you who may be feeling rather hurt at having received no reply to your kindly meant letters, must take this fact into consideration. And, of course, in cases where letters were written to soldiers on active service, there may be an even graver reason for your having received no reply. You must all make allowance for these possibilities when giving judgment on this matter.

Some Readers' Letters

I have had a letter from a lady who calls herself a Travelled Reader of THE QUIVER, who wishes to find some interesting correspondents between the ages of 40 and 50, either men or women, who have also travelled, and who would like to exchange

reminiscences of their travels with her. This lady has lived in India and South Africa, and has travelled through East Africa, Madagascar, Madeira, Norway, France, Italy, Portugal, and many other lands. Now she is settled at home, but feels rather lonely and out of touch with people after her long absence, and she would very much appreciate correspondence with QUIVER readers who will take pity upon her lonely condition.

Another reader writes to suggest that we should have a list of Recommended Music, as well as a list of Recommended Books, so that readers might recommend their favourite songs and compositions. I think this is quite a good idea, and if somebody will send me a list to begin with, I will start the column right away.

The Book List

Here are a few books which have been recommended to me:

Novels

"The Silent Legion," J. E. Buckrose (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). "Top Speed," Pett Ridge (Methuen, 6s.). "Women who Wait," Mary Marlowe (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.). "Enchantment," Temple Thurston (Lloyds, 1s. 3d.). "Quite So Stories," W. Hodgson Burnet (Cassell, 1s. 6d.). "The Iron Pirate," Max Pemberton (Cassell, 1s. 6d.). "The Ivory Child," Rider Haggard (Cassell, 1s. 6d.).

Miscellaneous

"Up from Slavery," Booker I. Washington. "Carrying On," Ian Hay (Blackwood and Sons). "Both Sides of the Curtain," Genevieve Ward and Richard Whiteing (Cassell, 10s. 6d.).

Poetry

"Messines and Other Poems," Emile Cammaerts (Lane, 3s. 6d.). "Reincarnations," James Stephens (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.). "Poems of 1915," Violet Gillespie (Macdonald). "The Cause: Poems of the War," Laurence Binyon (Elkin Matthews, 5s.). "Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling" (Methuen, 1s.).

A Useful Book for Girl Guides

I have often been asked by my readers to recommend a book for Girl Guides, and now at last one has been published which should exactly meet their requirements. It is entitled "Girl-Guiding," is written by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and costs 1s. 6d. net, and it gives all the details of this movement, which is gradually growing in popularity throughout the country.

I think that is all I have to say to you for the present. I hope all those of you who have had your summer holidays have enjoyed them immensely, and that all those of you who still have them to come will have the best of times and weather. With which good wishes I remain, as usual,

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE

AIDS TO BEAUTY YOU NEED

ALL IN ONE CASE.

The Rosebud Beauty Box

Contains:

Illustrated list of latest ways of
DRESSING THE HAIR 6d

Face Powder Rouge
Lip Sa ve Eyelash Improver
Eyelash Improver Face Cream
Nail Polish Freckle Powder
Foot Powder For tender feet
Curle - - To keep straight hair in curl

Only purest ingredi-nts used in Rosebud Beauty Box preparations, made from finest French recipes: nothing common or harmful to the skin. - Sent under plain cover, 6d.; post 1½d. ½d. Stamps preferred.

Vaughan & Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 28), Gloster Place Brighton.

DARN NO MORE

Stockings and Stocks
that don't Want Mending.Wear our Holeyproof Hose as
hard as you like, and if a hole
develops within TWO months
of purchase

We will replace them absolutely

FREE.

Holeyproof Hose is so pliable that it gives to continued pressure and wear just as a sponge may be depressed by gripping in the hand, but still have no damage done to its fabric.

2 pairs Stockings 4/9 post 3d.
2 pairs Socks 3/6 post 3d.

Silk Holeyproof (Guaranteed as above)

2 pairs Silk Stockings 12/6 post 3d.
2 pairs Silk Socks 9/- post 3d.

Throw away your darning basket with its everlasting worry and eyestrain. A dated guarantee ticket with each pair.

Orders for 6 pairs initialled FREE.

Vaughan & Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 28), Gloster Place, Brighton.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

GROW TALLER

It Pays to be Tall.

Short people are snubbed and overlooked. By my simple Private Method you can add several inches to your height without violent exercise, without apparatus. No risk or strain. Full particulars free if you write at once mentioning *The Quiver*, and enclose stamp for postage.

JOHN EDISON, Ltd., 87 Great George Street, LEEDS.



Present Footwear Needs

Are met in the fine-quality
Brogues made byD. NORWELL & SON
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